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"LA GRANDE DUCHESSE."

Robed in laces and decked with pearls,
  Letting her gaze 'neath the white lids roam,
Princess amid a throng of girls,
  Cool as sea water, crisp as its foam;
I watched the wave of her bronze brown hair,
  Color imprisoned in every tress,
While my soul kept time to the dreamy air,
  The band were playing from "La Duchesse."

The wave and bend of her snowy wrist,
  Cooling her lips with the down-edged fan,
Like a lily with heart of amethyst,
  And her throat that measured scarce a span;
Melting in shoulders rare and white,
  That gleamed like snow through the filmy dress,
While pelting the air of the starry night,
  Dropped the liquid music of "La Duchesse."

In and out of the pulsing tones,
  Dream-like memories wind and swell;
Dancing girls with their jeweled zones
  On the waves of music rose and fell;
Passionate hours that slowly die
  In the purple East like a soft caress,
Come back to me with the "*ay di mi*,"
  That breathed and quivered through "La Duchesse."

Oh! for the clasp of that snowy hand,
  Oh! for a touch of the dewy mouth,
Bridging an arch that was never spanned,
  Star of the North and sun of the South;
Neither clasp or touch of the lips for me,
  But I dream and dream in strange idlesse,
And hers is the only face I see,
  While the band is playing "La Grande Duchesse."

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WAR TRAIL.

The principal sachems of the tribe, collected at the entrance of the medicine lodge, were present at the departure of the warriors. Two bands, each composed of twenty braves, were drawn up side by side. At the head of the first stood the Stag, haughtily bestriding his horse, which was painted and accoutred in the Comanche fashion, so that it was quite as difficult to recognize as its rider. An ill-restrained delight glistened in the chief's fierce eyes. At the head of the second troop, composed of more aged and calm warriors, were Running Water and White Crow.

The women, children, and warriors who were to remain at home crowded the square. A deep silence, apparently caused by the expectation of an important event, prevailed among them. At the end of an instant the sachems assembled before the medicine lodge moved on one side, and made way for a man dressed in garments of strange shape, in which the most startling and discordant colors were brought together. This man was the sorcerer, or medicine-man, of the tribe.

His step was imposing and haughty; his expressive face displayed enthusiasm and faith. In one hand he held a clumsy vessel, in which a tuft of wormwood was soaking; in the other he brandished a scalping-knife. On reaching the centre of the square he stopped at an equal distance from the two troops, in front of a fire lighted expressly for the occasion. He stood for a moment motionless, with his head drooping on his chest, murmuring a few words in a low and indistinct voice; then he took out the wormwood, and sprinkled the four cardinal points, exclaiming, as he did so—

"Wacondah! thou seest these warriors; be favorable to them, blind their enemies, and remove any snares from their path!"

After uttering these words, he deposited the vessel on the ground, felt in the parchment bag that hung by his side, and drew out a handful of morrichee, which he dropped slowly into the fire, saying—

"Receive this offering, Wacondah! and let us know thy designs."

And, still continuing to drop the tobacco, he began dancing round the fire, brandishing his knife, and making strange contortions and grimaces. By degrees, his features altered, a white foam issued from the corners of his mouth, his hair stood on end, his eyes seemed ready to spring from their sockets, and he shouted in a hoarse and panting voice—

"I see them! I see them!"

"What does my father see?" the Stag asked, with ill-disguised anxiety; for, in spite of his Mexican education, or, perhaps, owing to it, he was like all his countrymen, and, perhaps, more than they, accessible to superstitious terrors.

"I see them," the sorcerer continued; "the combat is obstinate; the women roll on the ground; they fall into the power of my sons; they rise again. Why these signs? What mean these demonstrations? Oh, I hear them!"

"What does my father hear?" the chief asked.

"I hear cries, but the Comanches are implacable. Kill, kill, kill, I say. Why do you hesitate?" All at once he burst into a convulsive laugh, "Ah, ah, ah! yes, that is better," he said, with a shriek, "in that way the vengeance will be more perfect."

In spite of themselves, the hearers felt terrified by this Satanic laugh, which echoed in their ears like a funeral knell.

"Do not go," the sorcerer continued; "death is there. Leave that enemy alone, for it is not he but you who will succumb. But no; go, for you must; why, Wacondah, why?"

While uttering these words, the sorcerer suddenly stopped; his voice grew low and unintelligible; he seemed to listen for a moment, uttered a loud cry, turned round twice or thrice with headlong speed, and fell all his length on the ground, where he writhed for several moments in frightful convulsions. The Indians were struck with terror at this strange scene; the sorcerer's gloomy prediction filled them with horror, they did not dare communicate their thoughts to one another, but remained uncertain and alarmed, while watching the man who writhed before them. At length Running Water broke the charm which held all these impressionable men enthralled, for he felt the discredit which would attach to the two expeditions, if the warriors were allowed time to think.

"Like all the predictions of the medicine-man," he said, with a slight tinge of irony, "this contains both good and bad; still I fancy I noticed that good prevailed, and that, if we have the misfortune to lose one or two of our comrades, we shall at least return loaded with booty, and dragging prisoners after us."

"I believe I understood that too," White Crow said, to back him up; "the warriors who fall in an expedition are fortunate. The happy hunting grounds are opened to them, and they are led to them by the Wacondah."

"Yes," said the Stag," "the prediction is a good one; it announces success."

The versatile mind of the Indians immediately followed the impulse the chiefs gave it, and soon all the Red Skins were persuaded that the medicine-man's predictions were really excellent, and that the two expeditions started under the most favorable auspices. As for the poor sorcerer, he lay on the ground in a state of perfect insensibility, and none of the persons present dreamed of helping him. Then the two bands started to leave the village, followed by the whole tribe, who made vows for the success of the expedition, and urged them to show no mercy to the enemies they were about to fight; the women were especially distinguished by their ferocious cries and repulsive gestures.

For nearly an hour the two bands rode side by side, the three chiefs conversing together in a low voice, and the warriors laughing and smoking, for they were all aware that they had not yet reached the spot where they would really enter on the war trail, and that any precautions they now took would be useless. At about two P. M., on a sign from their chief, they halted in a narrow valley, by the side of a stream, whose banks were overshadowed by small clumps of sumachs, larches, and Peru trees. The riders dismounted and carelessly lay down on the ground, leaving to the chiefs the trouble of watching over the common safety, if they considered it necessary. The latter had lighted their pipes, and were holding council. After a moment's silence, Running Water said, in his grave and calm voice—

"We have reached the ford of the Antelope, and it is here that we shall part. I will go down the river with my braves, while the Stag re-enters the forest with his warriors. Has my son anything further to say to Running Water and White Crow? They are listening."

"I have nothing more to say to my father Running Water, or to my brother White Crow, than what they now already know; the expedition we are attempting is perilous, and must be carried out with prudence, not so much, perhaps, on account of our enemies themselves, as of the superstitious terrors with which they inspire our warriors."

"I understand the words of my son," the old chief replied; "they are serious. Running Water is renowned for his courage among his brothers; still he would not dare to attack the enemies whom the genius of evil protects and renders invincible."

The Stag concealed with difficulty a contemptuous smile, which was checked on his lips by the respect with which his father inspired him.

"Our own weakness partly forms the strength of our enemies," he replied, shaking his head sorrowfully; "the Red Skins are brave, but they are children who put faith in absurd things."

"My son," the old man said, sternly, "contact with the pale faces has injured you more than you suppose; without suspecting it, you have come to discuss the belief of your fathers, and turn it into ridicule. Take care, I repeat, my son; the road you are entering on is a bad one—it leads to a precipice; it is better to believe in an absurdity than fall into the contrary excess, and deny all belief. I will not lead my warriors against the persons whom you so obstinately insist on attacking."

"I do not ask it of you, father," the Stag replied, biting his lips in spite; "merely do what we agreed on, and that will be sufficient. I am willing to assume all the risks and perils of this expedition."

"The Stag is right," White Crow observed; "what danger do we incur in doing what he asks? Besides, even if we tried to prevent it, our warriors would not stand before them, but fly. Leave your son to act, Running Water; if on certain points contact with the whites has been injurious to him, it is evident that it will prove very useful to him for many others. He knows better than we do what is best to be done under the circumstances, and since he consents to assume all the responsibility let him act as he pleases."

The old man shook his head several times, as if still far from being convinced.

"Be it so," he at length said, "since he fancies he has more wisdom beneath his black scalp, than those whose hair has grown white at the council fire; let him act as he thinks proper. His father will henceforth be dumb, and will not cast the ice of his experience upon the fire of his ardent youth. Alas! old customs are dying out. The Comanches are no longer worthy of their ancestors! the poison of the pale faces has penetrated to their villages. May the Wacondah grant that I have not lived too long, and that I may not see at an early day the ruin of my nation, as I have witnessed the ruin of its old laws and wise and simple customs."

While speaking thus, the old chief rose pensively, and walked slowly towards his horse, which a warrior was holding by the bridle. White Crow waited till the sachem was out of ear-shot, and then bent down to the Stag's ear.

"Brother," he said to him, as he seized his arm, "do not be uneasy. I only know your plans very imperfectly through the few hints you have dropped in my presence; but, if I am not mistaken, they are of great importance. Carry them out, therefore, without fear; if your father hesitates to support you, I will oblige him not to break the promise he has made you."

"Thanks, chief," he answered, with emotion, "among all our brothers, you alone understand me. Oh, be assured that I shall succeed."

"Yes, I understand you," White Crow said, sadly, "perhaps only too well; but the Wacondah's will be done! He alone can read hearts and distinguish good from evil. Still, before we part, let me give you one counsel."

"I will receive it gladly, chief."

"Perhaps so; still I think it my duty to give it you, whether you like it or not. Here it is, and you can act as you please. The man who wishes to attain a high position among his people must be careful not to substitute private or personal interests for the public interests intrusted to him. You are too intelligent to fail to understand me. Trust to me. Farewell for the present."

And after discharging this Parthian arrow, the chief went off, apparently not noticing the Stag's confusion. The latter stood for a moment as if stunned by this clear-sighted apostrophe.

"Voto a brios!" he muttered in Spanish, "have I been so maladroit as to let these crafty men read my secret thoughts? Oh, it is impossible! Still—nonsense," he added, as he haughtily raised his head, and looking defiantly around him, "what do I care after all? If I succeed, each will acknowledge me to be right. Does not success justify the most desperate enterprizes, and this is far from being one."

These reflections seemed to restore him all the confidence and audacity which his father's remarks and White Crow's counsel had momentarily shaken, and he walked with a calm look and careless demeanor toward the two chiefs, who were mounting at the moment, as he wished to take leave of them before starting. The compliments were short and cold on both sides, for these three men were eager to separate. Brought up in a different medium, and in ideas diametrically opposed, the Stag and his two comrades could not understand each other, and the sachems even involuntarily felt an antipathy for their young colleague.

Running Water was right in the remonstrance which he addressed to his son. Paternal love on one side, on the other his hatred of the Mexicans, rendered him clear-sighted. A man, however firm his character may be, does not adopt with impunity the customs and habits of men in a more advanced stage of civilization than himself, and pass his childhood and youth in the midst of the comfort and luxury ignored in savage life, which, while freeing man from physical apprehensions, enlarge his ideas, by giving him the leisure to think and live, no longer through the senses, but through the heart.

The Stag, destined by his father to serve as the instrument of the revenge which he wished to take on Don Annibal de Saldibar and his family, had been so well trained by Running Water, that his entrance to the hacienda met with no difficulty. The boy had begun by playing a long studied part, then, by degrees, without knowing how or why it took place, the fiction was converted into a reality, and the Comanche grew to regard almost with terror the moment when he would be compelled to return to the independent life of the prairies, and resume the nomadic existence of his tribe. This repugnance for the customs of his fathers emanated neither from any gratitude he felt for Don Annibal's constant kindness to him, nor from friendship he felt for those who brought him up.

Sotavento was naturally ungrateful, moreover he cordially hated white men generally, and his benefactor particularly; but he had quickly grown accustomed to the life he led; it seemed to him a real paradise in comparison with what awaited him in the desert.

"THE CANADIAN LEAPT ON HIM LIKE A TIGER."

By degrees the faith of his tribe was effaced in his heart, to make room for another what was wider, and more in accordance with his instincts and appetites; and he regarded the mission with which he had been intrusted as a heavy burden from which he would be delighted to be delivered. No man is perfect; however strong he may be, he cannot continually have the same idea of pursuing the same object.

His father's implacable hatred of the white men, which was comprehensible in the medium in which the chief lived, was not so for his son; it was only at intervals, when he witnessed an insult dealt to a man of his race, that his Indian blood was revealed in him, and his hatred was re-kindled. Sotavento was vexed at this indifference; he tried to overcome it by all means, and when he was among his own people, his protestations were made in good faith, for he then believed what he said, so much did he desire in his heart that it should be true. Unfortunately for him, he had scarce returned to the hacienda, ere his ideas completely changed, his resolutions evaporated, and he felt himself beneath a far more powerful influence, an influence whose strength was gradually revealed in him, and eventually overpowered whatever efforts he might attempt to escape from it.

Under the pressure of the new feeling which mastered him, the Indian felt all the ferocious instincts of the race to which he belonged aroused in him; from this moment, forgetting all other interests, he had but one thought—it was to employ, in carrying out successfully the daring plan he had formed, the confidence he enjoyed among the chiefs and the forces of which he could dispose at a given moment. The hour which the Indian had selected for the realization of his project and the execution of his bold plans had arrived, and he audaciously set to work, without hesitation or without scruple, caring little about marching over corpses, provided that these corpses were so many steps of a ladder enabling him to attain the extraordinary result he desired.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SNARE.

Running Water and White Crow placed themselves at the head of their warriors, who marched in Indian file, and forded the river. The Red Skins who remained in the valley watched them cross and disappear in the windings of the track they were following. The Stag remained for nearly an hour at the spot where his band had halted, and it was not until the sun had begun to descend on the horizon that he gave orders to mount. The warriors at once quitted the protecting shade which had sheltered them for several hours, and in a twinkling were ready to start.

Among the warriors who accompanied the Stag were six with whom he was very intimate; they several times entered the Mexican territory under different disguises, and had even got as far as the Hacienda del Bario, where the mayor-domo received and sheltered them without exciting the slightest suspicion, so cleverly did they play the part of Indios mansos. Of these six warriors four had been employed for several months as vaqueros to guard the ganado.

The Stag had stipulated that this should be so, because, as he remarked at the council, a day might come when it would be well for him to have men ready at hand who were sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the Red Skins, to aid the tribe in carrying out the revenge which had so long been preparing. The council assented to the proposition, and the mayor-domo neglected nothing that his friends might make rapid progress in their knowledge of Mexican customs.

Sotavento had an object, but it was very different from the one which he suggested to the Comanches. Success had not only crowned the Indian's efforts, but exceeded all his expectations, and his six warriors assumed in a very short time the manners of Mexican peons. Everybody knows the aptitude of Red Skins for doing or imitating what they please when they suppose they can derive any eventual profit by it, so what we state here will not arouse any surprise.

After recommencing his march, the Stag called up to him these six warriors, and began giving them confidential instructions in so low a voice that they had a difficulty in catching and understanding his remarks. It appeared as if the revelations he made to these men were serious, for, in spite of the mask of stoicism with which Indians habitually cover their face, their features suddenly displayed a surprise which soon assumed a distinct character of horror. But the Stag did not give way; on the contrary, he redoubled his efforts, heaped promise on promise, flattery on flattery; in short, he managed so cleverly, that he ended by convincing them, or at least it seemed so, for, after a lengthened hesitation, they gave a nod of assent. The chief shook his head.

"Wah!" he said in a louder voice. "My brothers are men of loyal hearts and iron arms. I believe in their word, but they have not sworn by the sacred totem of the tribe, and as they have not promised by word of mouth, it is possible that the Wacondah may not remember their promise."

The warriors began laughing.

"The opossum is very crafty," one of the Indians said, "but the Stag joins to the cunning of the opossum that of the guanaco."

"Wah!" said another, "the pale faces

have taught the Stag all the cleverness of the Yoris."

"Well," he answered, laughingly, "that of the Comanches is greater still; for is not the Comanche nation the Queen of the Prairies? Who would dare, without leave, to traverse our hunting grounds. Will my brothers swear by the totem?"

"We will," said the one who spoke first, "because we love our brother, and know that his intentions are good."

"Yes, that is true; we believe in you, chief."

At these words the seven men stopped, and let their comrades pass them. When the latter had disappeared in the windings of the track, and were so far that they could neither see nor hear what was taking place, the Stag made a sign, and the six warriors formed a circle round him. Then the chief drew his scalping-knife from his belt, opened his hunting shirt, and placing the point of the blade against his heart, on which was drawn in red the totem, or emblem of his tribe, that is to say, a buffalo, he raised his right hand to the setting sun and uttered the words of the oath, the only one, perhaps, sacred to the Indians, as there is no instance known of it having been broken.

"I, a great man of the Comanche nation, a son of the Red Buffalo tribe, swear, in the presence of the sun, the visible representative of the invisible Wacondah, the powerful master of life, to accomplish without hesitation everything which my master, the Stag, may demand of me, consenting that the blade of my hunting knife, the point of which is at this moment resting on the image of the totem of my tribe, may be buried to the hilt in my heart, were I to break my oath which I now voluntarily take. I also consent to submit to the most terrible punishment the powerful Wacondah, the master of life, may deign to inflict on me. Hence, may the Wacondah remember my oath, in order to reward or punish me, according to my conduct."

The six warriors, following their chief's example, drew their scalping knives, put the point on their heart, and repeated after him in a solemn voice, and an accent of conviction, the words he pronounced.

"I thank my brothers," he said, "they are truly great braves; the tails of red wolves which hang from their heels do not speak falsehood."

The Indians bowed, and he continued—

"My brothers will leave me here, and go straight to the Elk's cavern; they have just time to get there, and prepare to carry out my orders; have my brothers thoroughly understood?"

"We have understood," they answered.

"In that case, my brothers will make their mustangs feel the whip; the sun is rapidly descending, it is nearly level with the grass, and it will soon be night."

The warriors took leave of their chief, and turning to the right, vigorously lashed their horses, and disappeared in a whirlwind of dust. The Stag looked after them pensively; when he lost them out of sight, he whistled to his horse, and rejoined at a gallop his warriors, who, during the scene we have just described had continued their march, and were some considerable distance ahead.

We will leave the Comanche warriors for awhile, and let them glide like snakes through the prairie grass, and cross the Rio Grande del Norte to enter Mexican territory. We will take up our narrative again a few hours later, at the moment when Dona Emilia, her daughter, and Don Melchior, attracted by the firing of Running Water's warriors, rushed into the canon, and by their mere presence caused the Indians that inconceivable panic which made them fly in every direction, and abandon their coveted prey when they were on the point of grasping it. After pursuing for some time the fugitives, to whom terror seemed to give wings, Dona Emilia prepared to return to the count and his comrades, when all at once she fancied she heard desperate cries in a wood a little distance off, which she had passed unnoticed in the heat of the pursuit.

"What is the meaning of that?" Dona Emilia asked, as she checked her steed. "Can there be any unhappy white men engaged with these demons on this side?"

At the same moment the wind bore down to them the sound of several shots.

"It appears like a serious action," Don Melchior answered. "Still I cannot understand the cause, for, with the exception of the count, there are not, to my knowledge, any white men travelling at present on this border."

"You must be mistaken, my friend, and hark, the noise is increasing; forward, forward; who knows whether we may not have the good fortune to save the life of some poor wretch. Those red demons fled so rapidly that we could not catch up a single one."

"Mother," Dona Diana timidly observed, "would it not be better, before venturing again among the savages, to make certain with whom we have to deal, and the number of foes we may have to confront!"

"What good will that do, daughter?" Dona Emilia answered dryly; "those men are savages, I think that we do not require to know more."

"Permit me to insist, mother; I know not why, but for some days past, sad forebodings involuntarily pursue me; I fear that we have traitors about us, and that they are watching us. I am afraid! Alas! is it fitting for women," she murmured feebly, "to wage war thus?"

Dona Emilia gave the maiden an angry glance. "Pigeon heart," she said with feverish energy, "who keeps you here? return to the hacienda; I will be sufficient."

"I fear a snare, mother."

"A snare? Do you forget the terror with which my presence inspires these Pagans? you have long had a proof of it," she continued with a contemptuous smile; "but come, daughter, accompany me this time, and I swear that I will not again force you to serve my hatred."

The young lady let her head drop but said nothing, and the three riders started at full gallop in the direction of the shots, which became more frequent the nearer they approached. They were soon close enough to distinguish all the details of the drama which was being performed but a few paces from them. At the top of a small mound, several Europeans, who could be easily recognized by their dress, ambuscaded behind their horses, whose throats they had cut to form them into a barricade, were defending themselves like lions against twenty Indian warriors, who surrounded and tried to capture them.

"Well?" Dona Emilia asked her daughter, as she pointed to this fight, whose incidents were growing more and more striking, "is that a snare?"

"I am wrong, mother, I see," the young lady murmured; "and yet, I repeat, I am afraid."

"Forward!" Dona Emilia cried.

The three riders passed like a hurricane through the midst of the Red Skins, throwing down and trampling on all who tried to oppose their passage. But then a strange and terrible thing took place. Several shots, doubtless badly aimed and fired from the top of the mound where the Europeans were entrenched, struck in the head the horses of Dona Emilia and her daughter, who rolled on the ground unable to rise; at the same moment an Indian warrior dashed at Don Melchior, brandishing his lasso over his head. All at once the young man felt a frightful shock, was lifted from the saddle by an irresistible force, and dragged along the ground. Don Melchior had been lassoed. In spite of the horrible suffering he endured, though half strangled by the slip knot which squeezed his throat, though wounded by roots and stones over which his pitiless conqueror dragged him, the young man did not lose his presence of mind; by an extraordinary and superhuman effort, which only the certainty of a horrible death would give him the courage to attempt, Don Melchior clutched the fatal lasso with one hand, and with the other seizing the sharp knife which every Mexican carries in his boot, as a last resource, he succeeded in drawing it out, and, after two fruitless attempts, collecting all his strength for a final effort, he managed to cut the lasso; then, without calculating the consequences of his deed, but preferring to run the chances of an immediate death, however terrible it might be, to falling alive into the hands of his ferocious enemies, he recommended his soul to heaven in a mental prayer, and rolled down the incline of a precipice which yawned a couple of yards from him.

At the moment when the energetic and courageous young man, who risked this desperate chance, probably in the hopes of escaping to save his companions, disappeared down the abyss, the Indian warrior who had dragged him from his horse, perceiving that he had contrived to cut the lasso, galloped up at full speed in order to prevent his flight. The Indian, who was no other than the Stag, fell into an indescribable passion on seeing his foe escape him. He bent over the abyss, trying to sound the darkness, and listening to the noises which rose from the bottom of the precipice; then, after a moment's hesitation, he resolutely dismounted, abandoned his horse, and clinging with feet and hands to branches and roots, he descended the quebrada in his turn.

The Stag understood of what importance the capture of Don Melchior was to him. The consequences of his flight might be immense, and make him lose the fruits of the bold stroke he had attempted; hence, without reflecting further, he rushed in pursuit of him. After a considerable loss of time and unheard of effort, he at length reached the bottom of the precipice. He then began seeking for his enemy with the tenacity and skill of a wild beast, not leaving a single bush uninspected.

But all was in vain; he found no trace of Don Melchior. The Indian had one hope; it was that the Mexican, dragged down by the rapidity of his descent, had rolled into the deep, though narrow stream, which ran through the bottom of the quebrada, and had been drowned, ere he sufficiently regained his senses and strength to avoid this mortal fall. But if nothing contradicted this hope, nothing, on the other hand, corroborated it, and the Comanche chief was constrained to quit the spot, suffering from a doubt a thousand times more terrible than the most frightful certainty. After exploring the canon for some time with that wild beast's instinct which Red Skins possess so thoroughly, the chief succeeded in discovering a narrow path made by antelopes, which wound round the sides of the precipice. He hastily ascended it, feeling anxious about what had occurred among his warriors during his absence.

Let us now return to Dona Emilia and her daughter, whom we left in an extremely critical situation. The two ladies had been hurled to the ground in such a way that it was impossible for them to rise without assistance. Their horses had been scarce shot, ere the fight, which appeared so obstinate between the white men and Red Skins, suddenly ceased as if by enchantment, and friends and foes on the best possible terms approached the two prisoners, for they may be regarded as such. The first Indians who arrived near enough to Dona Emilia to recognize her features, stopped in horror and fell back a few paces, saying to their comrades, "The Queen of the Savannah! it is the Queen of the Savannah!"

A very decided retrograde movement then began among the Indians; they stopped and formed a wide circle about twenty yards from the two ladies; it was probable that not one of them was anxious to venture within reach of a woman whom all regarded as the evil genius of their nation. The white men, or at least those who wore that dress, were alone bold enough to approach her, which they did not do, however, without very marked hesitation.

At last, after exchanging a few words in a low voice, two of the bravest of them ventured to assist the unhappy ladies, while the others, who stopped a few yards off, kept their finger on the trigger, ready to fire at the slightest suspicious movement on the part of the prisoners. But they had nothing to fear from them; their fall had crushed them; they were nearly fainting, and could scarce keep up.

"If you are Christians," Dona Emilia murmured, in a faint voice, "help my daughter, my poor child; she is dying."

They made no reply, but after raising the two ladies with a species of sorrowful pity, they transported them to the top of the hill, and laid them on furs near a fire, which the Indians had lit while they were being brought up. Dona Diana then noticed that the horses lying on the ground, behind which the defenders of the mound had sheltered themselves, were not killed, as her mother had supposed, but merely bound so that they could not stir.

"Oh, my presentiments!" she murmured feebly, as she raised her eyes to Heaven.

And she fainted, succumbing as much to the grief that filled her heart, as to the physical suffering she experienced.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OLIVER CLARY.

As we have seen, Running Water and his comrades attacked Count de Melgosa after White Crow had summoned him to surrender. The unexpected arrival of Dona Emilia had not only foiled the plans of the Comanche chiefs, but also caused such a panic among their warriors that, in spite of the efforts of the sachems to rally them, they were even really themselves carried off and constrained to seek safety in a hurried flight. In a retreat so precipitate as that effected by the Red Skins, the feeling of terror so rules over all other feelings, that the voice of the chiefs are despised, their orders are unlistened to, and each man running off at a venture, seeks his own safety without troubling himself about the rest. After a mad ride through bush and brier, and not following any settled direction, Running Water, who was involuntarily affected by the general terror, stopped, quite out of breath, and fell at the foot of a Peru tree, which rose alone in the centre of a spacious plain.

The night was still dark and a leaden silence brooded over the desert. The chief, far as his eye could see, did not notice one of his comrades; he was alone, and, as he conjectured from the perfect tranquillity and calmness that reigned around him, in safety for the present. Then he began reflecting; his thoughts were sad, for nothing settled at the council had been carried out; the count had escaped, and the warriors were dispersed, so that it was useless to attempt to rally them in order to give the young chief, his son, the support which the latter had asked for. The sachem was greatly embarrassed, not through the position in which he found himself—alone, without support, and almost unarmed—a position which to any other than an Indian accustomed to desert life would have appeared extremely precarious, the more so because the sachem had ridden far into the Mexican territory, and was consequently a long way from his village; but Running Water did not think of that. What tortured his mind was the insult offered to his indomitable pride in the disgraceful flight of his comrades at the mere sight of a woman, and the honor of himself and the tribe compromised in an expedition which had cost the lives of several men without producing any advantage.

The sachem had been plunged in these gloomy thoughts for a long time, when he fancied that he could hear a slight sound near him. The Indian raised his head, stifled a cry of surprise, and with one bound was on his feet, knife in hand—this was the only weapon he had retained. While he had been yielding to his bitter thoughts, several Spanish lanceros, taking advantage of the darkness, had dismounted and completely surrounded him; this surprise had been executed with such skill and so silently, that the Indian did not perceive the presence of his enemies till it was not possible for him to avoid them. Upon the movement he made, the barrels of nearly fifty carbines were pointed at the sachem.

"Come, surrender, demon!" a rough voice said to him, "unless you prefer being killed like the accursed dog you are."

Without replying, the sachem looked at the Spaniards who surrounded him; perceiving that any resistance would be useless, he let his knife drop at his feet, folded his arms on his chest, and waited.

"Bind him securely, but do not injure him," the voice already heard said. "Put him on a horse, and let us start."

This order was carried out in less time than it has taken us to write it. When the sachem was brought up, the Spanish officer examined him attentively.

"Why!" he said, "heaven pardon me my mistake, I believed that I had only to do with a marauder; but the capture is more important than I fancied. This dog is no less than an Indian brave, and a chief into the bargain, as is clearly indicated by the feather he wears so proudly over his right ear. Would these demons dare to cross our border?"

We must do the Spanish government the justice of stating that, at the period of its domination, the Indian border was thoroughly guarded by posts established at regular distances, by presidios with strong garrisons composed of veteran troops, and by patrols which traversed the country day and night, watching over the common safety, and vigorously repulsing any attempt at plunder on the part of the Indians. Hence those incursions and invasions of the Red Skins which now devastate this unhappy country did not occur at that time. The Indians instead of attacking, had quite enough to do in defending themselves, for the Spanish policy tended continually to drive them back further into their impenetrable deserts.

At the present day all this has changed. The Indians have become conquerors in their turn, and, profiting by the intestine wars which constantly rend the old Spanish colonies, they have leapt over the border marked out for them, and have advanced so far into the interior of the civilized country, that they are encamped before towns and villages which were formerly prosperous but are now in ruins. Mines worked long ago by the Spaniards have again become the property of the Indians, and they have carried so far their contempt of the Mexicans, whose cowardice, by-the-by, is proverbial among them, that the Comanches and Apaches disdaining to take unnecessary precautions in invading the territory of their foes, have fallen into the habit of making their incursions at a regular period of the year, which they call the "Mexican moon." Even more incredible than the impudent boldness with which these expeditions are carried out, are the stupid patience and cowardly resignation of the white men, whose houses are burnt, crops destroyed, and cattle carried off annually, but who, so soon as the Indians have retired, begin building and sowing again just as if nothing had occurred, although they are perfectly well aware that their labor will be lost, and that the Indians will return to destroy it all at a given day and hour. It was one of the patrols to which we have referred that surprised and seized the sachem.

"Who are you?" the officer asked. "To what tribe do you belong?"

Running Water gave him an ironical glance, shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, but made no answer.

"Very well, as you please, my fine fellow," the officer, an old soldier accustomed to Indian warfare, answered mockingly. "We know how to loosen the tongues of men like you. Come, my men, mount, and let us be off."

The patrol resumed its march, and shortly before sunrise reached Leona Vicario. The sachem was immediately taken to prison, the general putting off his interrogation till after the festivities, which at this moment interrupted the course of justice. Accident, a few hours later, led the brave Canadian hunter to the same dungeon, as we have seen. We have described what took place between them above. After the flight of his comrade, the adventurer coolly remained in prison, to the great amazement of his keepers, who could not understand how a man could remain a prisoner of his own choice, when he had a chance of escaping.

The adventurer, without seeming to notice the sarcasms the Spaniards levelled at him, settled as comfortably as he could in a corner of his cell, and, placing his weapons within reach, in the event of any attempt to do him an ill turn during his sleep, as he had heard say sometimes occurred, slept as calmly as if reposing in the middle of the desert. The Canadian's apprehensions were entirely unfounded, for he was safe under the protection of Castilian honor; but he judged the Spaniards with his American prejudices, and from the calumnies he had heard repeated by those who thus sought to revenge their exclusion from the Spanish colonies. In the morning, when he awoke, the Canadian was at first surprised to find himself in prison, but he soon remembered, and waited impatiently till some decision was arrived at about him. It was long, however, before the gaoler appeared, bringing his breakfast.

"Hilloh!" the adventurer said in surprise, "why bring me food, instead of opening the doors and letting me be off?"

"It is not a holiday every day," the gaoler answered mockingly. "The door does not open so easily as that. Besides, what have you to complain of? It seems as if you liked being in prison, as you had an opportunity to leave it, and did not take advantage of it."

Clary shrugged his shoulders, and turned away, thinking it beneath him to argue with a scoundrel of this sort. The other grinned, placed the provisions on the ground, went out, carefully locked the door, and the Canadian found himself again alone.

"Hang it all," he muttered, "the affair is beginning to look ugly. "Well! we shall see; but now to eat, for it is bad arguing on an empty stomach."

And after this consoling reflection, he began attacking the provisions, deferring the formation of any resolution till after the meal. But time was not allowed him for this. He had scarce finished the last mouthful ere he heard the sound of footsteps and the clang of arms in the passage. The door opened, and an officer entered.

"Follow me!" he said.

"Where are you taking me?" the Canadian asked.

"Come, come," the officer said sharply, "you will soon learn."

"Very good," he said, and walked out.

An escort, consisting of ten soldiers, was waiting for him at the door.

"Hang it," he said, "I appear to be treated like a man of importance."

And, without waiting for orders, he placed himself in the midst of the soldiers, who at once closed up around him. He was led to the room into which he had been taken the previous day. The general was there alone. The officer, after thrusting the Canadian into the room, withdrew, and closed the door after him. The adventurer went two or three paces forward, bowed respectfully to the general, and waited till the latter addressed him. The general was in full dress; he had his hat on his head; his arms were crossed on his back, and he was walking up and down the room with hanging head and a dark frown.

"Hum! this worthy officer does not seem in a very sweet temper this morning," the Canadian thought. "Rude though he was, I liked him better yesterday afternoon."

After some moments of silence, the general walked up to the adventurer, and stopped before him with a menacing look.

"Ah, ah," he said, "then you are here, Senor Picaro?"

Instead of answering, the Canadian looked around him in surprise.

"What are you looking for?" the general asked him sharply.

"I am looking, excellency," he replied placidly, "for the person to whom you are addressing that language."

"Ah, ah," he replied, "you are facetious. We shall soon see how long you keep up that part."

"Excellency," the adventurer said seriously, "I am playing no part. I will have the honor of observing to you that the man who, holding the power in his hands, amuses himself like a cat with a mouse, as you are doing with me, commits, no matter who he is, a bad action, for he knows that he is addressing a man who is unable to answer him."

The general resumed his hurried walk up and down the room, but almost immediately returned to the Canadian.

"Listen," he said to him sharply. "You produced a good impression on me when I first saw you. Your refusal to escape, when you had no other prospect but the gallows, proves to me that you are brave. I want men of your sort. Are you willing to serve me? You will have no cause to repent it."

The Canadian drew himself up.

"Is your excellency," he asked, "really doing me the honor of speaking seriously to me?"

"Yes, and I am waiting for your answer."

"Well, excellency, the answer is this: I did not escape yesterday, because only guilty persons do that, and I am not guilty. Placed arbitrarily and in a manner contrary to the law of nations in prison by you, during a moment of ill temper, I expect that justice will be done me, and that those who put me in a dungeon will take me out of it again. I enabled my comrade to escape, as I wished to prove to you that, had I liked, nothing would have been more easy than for me to go with him. You have told me that I am brave; it is true, and the reason is simple. I have nothing to lose, and consequently to regret; and, in my opinion, life is not so very jolly that we should be afraid of giving it up. You have offered to take me into your service. I refuse."

"Ah!" the general said, biting his lips.

"Yes, and for two reasons."

"Let me have them."

"You shall. The first is, that I have engaged myself for a certain time to your enemies, and when an honest man has once pledged his word, he cannot recall it. The second reason is perhaps more serious; still, I am bound to say that, were I free, I would not serve you, not through any personal dislike to your excellency, but because the cause you defend is that of absolutism, and I am naturally a fanatic partizan of liberty."

"Very good, you are a philosopher. Do you know what the moral of all this is?"

"No, excellency, I do not."

"That you will be hung directly."

"Do you think so?" the Canadian replied, taking a step forward.

"You will soon have the proof," the general said, with a grin.

And he walked up to a table to ring a handbell, but before he could accomplish his design, the Canadian leapt on him like a tiger, hurled him to the ground, and ere the general, so suddenly attacked, had time to regain his coolness to call out or attempt to defend himself, he was securely bound and carefully gagged. With a presence of mind which he could only have obtained through the adventurous life he had hitherto led, the Canadian, so soon as he had secured his prisoner, ran to the door and bolted it, to avoid a surprise. Thus certain that he would not be disturbed for some time, the Canadian collected several bundles of papers scattered over the table, put them in his pocket, seized a brace of richly-embossed pistols, carefully examined them to see whether they were loaded, and thrust them in his belt. Then he returned to the general, who had anxiously watched all his movements.

"Now for us two, excellency," he said, as he drew his knife and tried the point on his thumb-nail, "pledge me your word of honor as a gentleman that you will not cry out, and I will at once remove your gag. Moreover, I may remind you that the door is locked, and before your soldiers or servants could break it open, I should have killed you. Well, what do you say to my proposition?"

The general nodded his compliance of the terms, and, in accordance with his promise, the Canadian at once removed the gag. He did even more; raising him in his arms, he carried him to an easy chair, in which he seated him comfortably.

"There," he said, "now we can talk. You see, excellency, that you were not mistaken about me, and that I am, to employ your own expression, a bold scoundrel."

"Yes," the general answered, with concentrated passion, "I let myself be caught like a fool. What do you demand of me, now that you have me in your power?"

"I demand nothing, excellency. I merely desire my liberty."

The general reflected for a moment.

"No," he at length said, with a start of passion, "I will not give it you. Kill me, if you like, villain!"

"Very good. You are a brave fellow. No, excellency, I will not kill you. I am no assassin. I merely wished to give you a simple lesson and teach you not to violate the law of nations. Now, I am going to cut your bonds."

"You will not dare do so," the general said bluntly.

"Why not?" the Canadian asked.

"Because you know very well that once I am free—"

"When you are free, excellency, you will do what you think proper. I care little what, for did I not tell you that I did not cling to life?"

The general looked at him.

"Carry out your promise," he then said.

"Directly, excellency."

With the utmost coolness the Canadian removed the bonds which he had so carefully rolled round the general's body."

"Ah!" said the latter, springing up like a tiger, "now we shall see."

"Wait a moment, excellency," the Canadian said, tranquilly; "the door is not yet unbolted."

This mad and reckless rashness confounded the general; for the first time in his life, perhaps, this man felt his heart softened by a feeling which had hitherto been strange to him.

"Very good," he said, "open it."

The adventurer did not let the order be repeated, but drew the bolts with the same tranquil air which he had retained during the whole scene. The general rang.

"Have a horse saddled at once," he said to the usher who entered; then he added, turning to Clary, "Begone, without looking behind you. Make haste, before I recall the order I have given; for I shall probably soon repent my clemency."

"I think so, excellency," the Canadian answered, with a singular smile.

And, after bowing respectfully, he left the room. The general remained pensive for a moment.

"What a strange character," he muttered; and he fell back into an easy chair, in order to restore a little regularity in his ideas, which had been upset by these extraordinary events. All at once his eyes turned accidentally to the table.

"Oh," he exclaimed, rising furiously, "my papers."

But it was in vain that he gave orders to pursue the adventurer. The latter had followed the general's advice exactly, and, burying his spurs in his horse's flanks, had started at a gallop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Toast—How to Make It.

Did the reader ever ask for toast at a hotel? If so, he probably was served with a piece of fresh bread, burned before the fire, the charcoal mostly scraped off, and served under the name of toast. It should always be made of stale bread. The heat drives off whatever acids may have formed in the loaf, but, more than that, the starch of the flour is more or less converted by the heat into a more digestible substance, dextrine. By nicely toasting a slice of bread we save the digestive organs a certain amount of labor; hence toast is usually acceptable to invalids and those of impaired digestion. So much for the philosophy of the thing. Now for the practice. Make the toast from a stale home-made loaf. Bakers' bread will make an imitation of toast, but not the thing itself. Slice moderately thin, and place on the toasting-fork, or in some of the wire toasters, and hold it near the fire until it is well warmed through. Then—here comes the rub—bring it near the fire where it will quickly become of a light brown, or rather of a deep golden yellow, turn and treat the other side the same, and serve. If buttered toast is desired, apply butter in moderate quantity while hot. Toast should not be piled upon a plate, as in that case the crispness is lost. If there is no toast-rack, lay the slices lapping over one another, shingle fashion, so that the moisture of the lower slices may escape, and not be absorbed by the others.

What Causes Hair to Turn Gray.

An English writer has recently asserted that an undue proportion of lime in the system is the cause of premature gray hair, and advises to avoid hard water, either for drinking pure or when converted into tea, coffee or soup, because hard water is always strongly impregnated with lime. Hard water may be softened by boiling it; let it become cold, and then use it as a beverage. It is also stated that a liquid that will color the human hair black, and not stain the skin, may be made by taking one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part of good brandy, by measure. The hair must be washed with the mixture every morning, and in a short time the use of it will make the hair a beautiful black, without injuring it in the least. The articles must be of the best quality, mixed in a bottle, and always shaken well before being applied.

☞ A man's character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first, to come out the brighter afterward.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 5, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that clubs may be made up of the papers and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND $3.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Mystery of the Reefs.

We design commencing this fine story by Mrs. Hosmer in the next number of THE POST.

SPAIN.

The revolution now taking place in Spain, will, it is to be hoped, speedily alter many of those peculiar features that have attracted the attention of travellers. Since its bigoted rulers banished beauty with the Moors, and wealth with the Jews, the whole land has languished, and its life as a country has been in the past. Now, the flight of Isabella, a Queen of whom it is said, among many of the hardest sort of things, that one cannot decently speak of her except in Latin, and the proclamation of an era of Religious Toleration, are auguries of the most vital changes; and we may hope that beautiful Spain, the fairy-land of poets and artists, will again ascend to a place among the nations worthy of her delicious climate and her old renown.

The following, from a "A Lady's Journey through Spain" the past autumn, shows how greatly a change was needed, to stir up the people into a more vigorous life:—

Certainly the Spaniards are a most peculiar people. The lives of the regular old Spanish families in Madrid (I do not allude to those of high rank) are as singularly unaltered as those of any people in the world. As a rule, Spaniards never stir away from Madrid at any part of the year. They live on separate floors of houses, a floor to a family; society is perfectly unknown amongst them, according to our meaning of the word, especially amongst the women, whose only dissipation from year's end to year's end is their constant attendance at the churches. Owing to the astonishing number of saints' days, there is scarcely a day in the week when there is not some especial service, some famous preacher to be heard, some especial mass to be attended; and should none of these causes bring them out they are sure, of finding the churches open, and thither they go, and select some chapel where they offer up their prayers to a favorite saint. Everything connected with the outward observances of religion is to them an excitement and an occupation. The men, on the contrary, find their amusement in constant smoking. Clubs, up to a late period, were little frequented by Spaniards, but some change is creeping on in this respect. They are all for outward show, both men and women, and as long as they can manage to keep a miserable-looking pair of horses to draw an antiquated sort of carriage along the public drives, they care not what privations they suffer in their domestic arrangements. They are naturally very small eaters, and adhere strictly to the fasts enjoined by their religion. The universal siesta, that boon to the dwellers in hot climates, closes all the shops at one o'clock, till the heat of the day is over; every one retreats within doors, the streets are all deserted, even the beggars seem to disappear, and the houses are all shut up as if the inhabitants had left them. Then in the evening the whole world seems to come to life again.

The palaces of the grandees are very disappointing. They were so pillaged and injured in every way by the French, that one can form no idea of their original state. Their dwellings are in a complete state of decadence or decay, as complete as their own deterioration. Of course there are brilliant exceptions amongst some of the oldest houses; but, generally speaking, the grandees, properly so called, are very poor representatives of that old nobility once unrivalled in Europe. They are mostly small in stature, and they have a dried-up, almost shrivelled, look, as if the constant baking of their scorching sun had dried up every particle of moisture in the human frame, in the same way that it has imparted to the land the arid, brown appearance familiar to all visitors to the Castiles. There is a great want of cultivation in the higher classes at Madrid, and a complete absence of all general curiosity; they truly seem to care for nothing but Madrid, its bull fights, its churches, and, it should be added, its official life, for they are most determined seekers after employments within the official circles. No matter how trifling or unimportant the charge may be, a bit of colored ribbon in the button-hole is a distinction coveted by all who think they have the slightest chance of obtaining it.

The people live chiefly out of doors, preferring the bright sun and blue sky to the dark, dingy dwellings awaiting them at home; for nothing can be more uninviting than the houses of the lower classes.

CURIOUS ACCOUNTS OF LIBERIA.—We see it stated that Ex-President Roberts of Liberia, who is now in this country soliciting aid for the Liberian College, of which he is President, says that the republic has made conquests of the interior tribes until it now has a total population of 600,000 souls, of whom only about 18,000 are emigrant negroes from America.

It also appears that slavery prevails among these conquered tribes to a very great extent—and that the wealth of the interior chiefs is measured by the number of their wives and of their slaves. It would be curious indeed, if Liberia should develope into a great slave-holding and polygamous negro republic.

ENGLISH JUSTICE.

Recently, as we have seen it stated, an English magistrate sentenced a man who had stolen *thirteen carrots* to twenty-one days' imprisonment!

But we think the following case of magisterial hardness of heart, even exceeds that. It occurred in the Thames Police Court:—

Robert Marchand, a man about 40 years of age, who with difficulty walked into the dock, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with stealing fourteen pounds of coals.

The prisoner, who was much agitated, and trembled from head to foot, in a husky voice said he was very sorry. He took the coals for the sake of his own dear children at home. There was not a bit of coal at home, and they were perishing.

Mr. Paget—What is the prisoner?

Policeman—He is a carman.

Mr. Paget said that the prisoner ought to know better than to take coals necessarily exposed on a barge in the canal, and it was a strange thing that he should add to his miseries by thieving.

The prisoner—I have a wife and four dear children at home. I have nothing for them to eat and no fire. I am troubled with asthma, and cannot work.

Mr. Paget said the prisoner must know that if he and his family were in a distressed condition he could apply to the parish for relief.

The prisoner—Where I am obliged to go to every winter. I cannot do any work in the winter.

Mr. Paget—I must put the law in force. You are sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor.

A loud shriek from a woman at the back of the court followed the sentence, and she then gave utterance to loud exclamations for mercy and a remission of the sentence. The poor woman, who was said to be the prisoner's wife, was removed while she was screaming loudly.

If the facts be as they are here represented, what a picture they give of the civilization and Christianity of England. For what is done by the law and the magistracy of a nation, is done by the nation itself. One would have thought that the shrieks of that poor woman would have stirred the inmost heart of England. Probably however they were not strong enough for that—although they doubtless had power to wing their way to the very judgment seat of God.

BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

The question as to whether men are more healthy and longer-lived in a barbarous than in a civilized state of society, has been often argued—and probably decided about as often one way as the other.

The last evidence that we have seen bearing upon this point, is that given by a member of the Society of Friends, who has been a great deal with the Indians, and who recently made the following statement to the Committee on Indian Affairs appointed by the Baltimore Yearly Meeting:

"He stated that it was a mistaken opinion that the Indians had great hardihood and ruggedness of constitution; that he looked upon them as delicate, and their want of knowledge of the laws of health was one cause of the diminution of their numbers. In the chase they were eager and would endure great fatigue, but warm and exhausted they would throw themselves on the ground, take cold, and die of consumption, which swept away great numbers.

"They express great surprise at the size of the families of the white race, and that they do not lose their children. *With them it is common to lose most of their children, in many cases all of them, from diseases which they do not understand how to treat rightly.*"

It would appear from this statement, that the small increase of the Indian tribes is quite as much owing to disease, as to the state of constant warfare in which they live;—and that Barbarism is not so promotive of health as Civilization, notwithstanding the temptations to riot and excess which always accompany the latter.

No doubt however that Barbarism which is exposed to the vices and diseases of Civilization, is far worse in its results than pure Barbarism itself.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE; For schools, families, and colleges. By J. C. DALTON, M. D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE GORDIAN KNOT: A Story of Good and of Evil. By SHIRLEY BROOKS, author of "Sooner or Later," "The Silver Cord," etc. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE TRUE GRECIAN BEND. A Story in verse, by LARRY LEIGH. With Illustrations. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR. A Drama in five acts. By the author of "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. For December. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

DR. HOWELL'S FAMILY. By MRS. H. B. GOODWIN, author of "Madge," "Sherbrooke," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HILLSBORO' FARMS. By SOPHIA DICKINSON COBB. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LION BEN OF ELM ISLAND. The first one of a new series for youth, called the "Elm Island Stories." By Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Good Old Times," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for December, 1868. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE GALAXY, for December, 1868. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE SCHOOLDAY VISITOR. Published by Daughaday & Becker, Philada.

☞ Mr. Pollard, in an article on Stonewall Jackson, states that he once recommended a night attack to be made by the assailants stripped naked and armed with bowie knives, suggesting that the novelty and terror of such an apparition would paralyze the enemy.

☞ A suite of rooms was advertised at a fashionable watering place as having among its attractions "a splendid view over a fine garden adorned with numerous sculptures." It was found on applying at the address that the garden adorned with sculptures was a cemetery.

A Singular Adventure.

Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a stage-coach. He was a young man starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all gray-headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller, struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow-passengers, determined to ascertain the secret of a long life and art of making old age comfortable.

He addressed the one apparently the eldest, who told him he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying he had always eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled for the last seventy years, adding, all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office; the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political and religious controversies; and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less gray and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong.

They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach.

"How is it that you have preserved the freshness of life?" exclaimed our young traveller.

The old gentleman immediately answered the young traveller by saying—

"I have drunk water and wine—I have eaten meat and vegetables—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight; and got up at sunrise and at noon;" he then, fixing his eyes intensely upon the young man, concluded with this remark, "*but I always pay promptly for my newspapers!*"

Then the other old men also chimed in with—"Of course, we always pay promptly, *and in advance*, for our newspapers. No man deserves long life who does not do this."

Then the young man resolved that he also would render himself deserving of long life—and immediately subscribed for five newspapers, paying for them all in advance. *He is living yet!*

Reader—go thou and do likewise!

Steam from the Sun's Heat.

Captain Ericsson undertakes to supply a new source of heat in place of coal, oil, &c. For several years he has been experimenting with the view of collecting and concentrating the radiating heat of the sun, with which, so to speak, to heat his furnace. At length, at the beginning of the present year, he was able, according to his statement, to construct three "solar engines," of which the first was driven by steam formed by the concentration of the heat of the solar rays; and the other two by the expansion of atmospheric air, heated directly by concentrated radiant heat. His experiments show, he asserts, that the concentration of solar heat on 10 feet square, or 100 square feet of surface, developes a power exceeding one horse's power. We are curious to learn the exact nature of the concentrating mechanism. A Mr. Dellamater declares that the enterprise is already a success, and that, "before the termination of the present season, bread will be prepared from flour ground by the power of the 'solar engine.'" Hitherto, however, Captain Ericsson's ingenious caloric inventions have not been found available on a large scale as practical machines.

Sad Accident to a Bride.

A bridal party from Galveston were passing the draw in the railroad bridge on the route to Houston, when the fair bride leaned out of the window to catch a farewell glance of the Island City. Her affectionate and newly-made husband, trembling with anxiety for her safety, tenderly encircled her slender waist with his coat sleeve, and softly whispered. "Pray, take care of yourself—don't fall overboard, darling!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth ere the blushing young beauty uttered a faint but audible scream, and sinking back in the cushioned seat, pressed her embroidered handkerchief to her face. "Poor darling is frightened," said the loving Benedict sympathetically. But "poor darling" bowed her head, and would not be consoled. To tell the truth, she had lost a set of new teeth!

Short Men the Best Soldiers.

Short men, by-the-way, make the best soldiers. We remember hearing Senator Morrill tell an anecdote of the early days of the war, when volunteers pressed so hard upon our governor that he sent Senator Morrill on to Washington to urge the acceptance of several new regiments from Maine. Calling upon Gen. Scott Mr. Morrill found several Senators in attendance upon the same errand. Senator Chandler of Michigan, was especially urging the acceptance of a regiment from his state—"a splendid regiment, magnificent fellows—why there isn't one among them less than six feet high." "Bah!" said the general impatiently, "I abominate your tall men!" But then, if tall men don't make good soldiers, the general himself was proof that they make good generals.—*Portland Transcript.*

The Maelstrom.

The maelstrom of our childhood's geographies is a myth. A late report on the Norwegian fisheries says that it "is no little thought of by the inhabitants that they pass and repass it in their sail vessels at all states of the tide, except at certain times in the winter season, and far from drawing in whales and other things that come within its range, appears to be a favorite resort of the fish of the country, and the fishermen reap a rich piscatorial harvest from its bosom. The greatest rate of the tide in winter does not exceed six miles an hour." Well, let unfeeling science give up the maelstrom; but poetry and rhetoric will yield their faith in it only when they cease to believe in Scylla and Charybdis.

☞ A poor vagabond was arraigned, some time ago, before the Paris Police Court, for the crime of having neither house nor home. When asked his profession he replied: "I am a brusher of dry prunes." The judge stared with astonishment. "Great heavens! what kind of trade is that?" The wretch replied: "Your honor, the dust of prunes is filled with small insects, invisible to the naked eye. I sell them to scientific men to make scientific experiments."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

HORRIBLE.—Mrs. Mary E. Hill, a widow lady residing at the northeast corner of Tenth and Pine streets, Philada., was murdered while sleeping in the evening on a settee, and thrown from a second story window into the yard. Her son-in-law, G. S. Twitchell, Jr., has been arrested on the charge of having committed the crime. A sum of money that Mrs. Hill had, is missing.

MISSOURI.—Negro suffrage was defeated in Missouri by over 15,000 majority—the strong Republican counties giving large majorities against it.

—The observance of Thanksgiving Day was very general throughout the country. The public offices, and most other places of business in the principal cities, were closed. In Philadelphia, there were military and Fenian parades, and services were held in churches of all denominations.

—An idol temple has been erected at Portland, Oregon. The building is completed and the Chinamen are actively engaged furnishing it. The vestibule contains two large oil globes, inside of which lamps are burning to show to advantage the heathenish figures painted on the outside. One of the transparencies represents celestial warriors or saints, some on foot and some on horseback, who go round and round, propelled in some manner by a current of heated air.

—A Washington veterinary surgeon recently took from a horse (while the animal was under the influence of ether) a ball about the size and color of a ten-pounder, perfectly solid, and weighing two pounds and four ounces, composed of collections of plaster of Paris, that had been taken into the stomach from time to time in the swill feed which the horse had eaten, the plaster having been ground with the food in order to give it a rich, nutritious appearance. It is stated that this practice of grinding plaster with horse food has been very much resorted to.

—Ten thousand readers, printed in the new Mormon alphabet, have just been received at Salt Lake City. As the children of Utah will now be taught in these new symbols, they will doubtless thereby be shut out from the study of Gentile books and newspapers.

—A terrible explosion has occurred in the Arley mine colliery, Lancashire, England. Three hundred men were in the pit at the time. Fifty-seven dead bodies have been recovered. Hundreds of the relatives of the dead gathered at the mouth of the pit, and the scene was heart-rending.

—The crop of Egyptian cotton this year will amount to 197,000,000 pounds.

—Two prisoners, one convicted of swindling and the other of attempting to kill, were pardoned out of the Massachusetts state prison, on Thanksgiving Day, in accordance with an old custom. They had served over half their terms.

—633 members of the House of Commons have been elected. Liberals, 375; Conservatives, 258. Liberal majority, 117.

☞ Liebig, the chemist, complains that stupid people are forever pestering him with letters asking questions of the most extraordinary silly nature, such as they might answer for themselves by consulting any elementary text-book. They come at the rate of two or three hundred a day, and in eight or ten different languages.

☞ The English papers have a new direction for becoming a Prime Minister—"Turn round and round till you become Dizzy!"

☞ The difference between Eugenie and the deposed Queen of Spain is that one is a belle on a throne and the other Isabelle off.

☞ A Massachusetts editor says that Thanksgiving week always gives him a feeling of "mince-piety."

Popular hotels all use and recommend Burnett's Flavoring Extracts as the best.

A Splendid Holiday Present.—"*The Most Laughable Thing on Earth!*"—A game that can be played by any number of persons; is susceptible of 50,000 changes; endless transformations of wit and humor; producing roars of laughter. Just the thing for old folks and young folks, evening parties, and dull days. A sure cure for home sickness and the blues. Sent, post-paid, per return mail, on receipt of 50 cents: three for $1. Address WALLKILL VALLEY TIMES, Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y. dec5-4t

The Colton Dental Association

Originated the anæsthetic use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, administer it in the most approved manner, do nothing but EXTRACT TEETH, and they certainly do that without pain. So 11,000 patients testify. See their signatures, at the Office,

No. 727 WALNUT STREET,
Below Eighth.
nov21-4t

Pain Paint—Yes, Wolcott's Pain Paint.

Ask for it and take none other. If you have a cold in the head, or Catarrh, get Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR. Full pint bottles, $1. Beware of imitations.
nov5-2t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.
mar16-eow-tf

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 200 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.
je27-tf

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The only known, reliable cure for Asthma. Sufferers with this terrible disease should not delay in trying these matchless remedies. They give, in a few days, perfect and permanent freedom of breathing.

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1869, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking*. Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village of the United States. dec5-4t

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, Miss., June 20—*Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT.
aug1-eow10t

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.

Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 66, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 42 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

RED FRIEND!—I have discovered a positive cure for Consumption and General Remedy for all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It completely cured me and hundreds of acquaintances. I will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve; indeed so great is my faith, I will send a sample FREE to any fellow sufferer who will address yours faithfully, JAMES WYATT, S. E. cor. Broadway and Fulton st., New York. dec5-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of Nov., by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. FRANK C. KROESEN to Miss SALLIE L. MCDOWELL.

On the 11th of Oct., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. DAVID PRETTYMAN to Miss CORNIE WILKINSON, both of this city.

On the 18th of Nov., by the Rev. W. H. Furness, JOHN W. KERR, of this city, to Miss VIRGINIA CHRISTIAN, of New Jersey.

On the 19th of Nov., by the Rev. Dr. Goddard, Mr. GEORGE C. STROMAN to Miss MARY R., daughter of M. F. Conover, Esq., both of this city.

On the 19th of Nov., by the Rev. Thos. J. Sheppard, JOHN J. BELSTERLING to Miss ELLEN L. FITHIAN, both of this city.

On the 26th of Oct., by the Rev. H. R. Calloway, Mr. JOSEPH BYRNE to Miss ELIZABETH V. GRAPF, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Nov., JAMES P. WILKINSON, aged 19 years.

On the 23d of Nov., JAMES THOMPSON, in his 33d year.

On the 23d of Nov., DENNY GALLAGHER, in his 28th year.

On the 23d of Nov., JAMES HARMSTEAD, in his 68th year.

On the 23d of Nov., BEULAH GARRISON, in her 83d year.

On the 23d of Nov., MRS. ELIZA, wife of Stephen Wood, aged 80 years.

On the 21st of Nov., WILLIAM ARRISON, aged 37 years.

On the 21st of Nov., WILLIAM PHILLIPS, in his 82d year.

On the 20th of Nov., RICHARD H. SLEATER, in his 42d year.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,—
The noble and wise of the land,—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER IX.

A FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

Dinner was over next day at the cottage, and everything having been neatly and orderly cleared away, Rosie was seated by the sitting-room window at her lace work, when Nannie dressed for walking came in with a little roll of writing paper in her hand.

"I am going to the doctor to get Mrs. Warren's last medicine," she said, "and I thought I'd bring the directions to make some nice easy dishes—you know you spoke of some."

"Yes," said Rosie, "I'm your humble debtor for the same. "It's a great thing to have a knowledge of nice cooking, and I've a chance to improve here, I'm sure."

"Don't bother opening them now," said Nannie, laying them down on the window ledge, and stooping over her to examine the figures on the lace attentively. "That's pretty work, isn't it? and how nicely you do it, too."

Showing her the ease with which it could be done, Rosie lost sight of the recipes, and sat stitching away after Nannie's figure had disappeared round the gable, still intent on a pattern that she had determined to finish before twilight.

One hour, two hours past by, and then the children and dusk came together.

"Dear me how the time goes when a body's hands are full," said Rosie, and she put away the things in her basket and rose to get the tea. Mary Ann was taking a lesson, and so would be a little late. Tim and Kitty were uproariously hungry and insisted on haste in getting the supper ready.—Little Peter came yawning out of Mrs. Warren's parlor.

"The lady says, 'has Nannie come back?'" He delivered this message in a gaping state, having evidently been overtaken on his perch among the cushions by an afternoon nap. He was a sweet, plump, rosy little fellow, and like everything else under his mother's jurisdiction a model of cleanly care—no wonder the childless invalid fancied him.

"She's not come yet," said his mother; "but I'll carry in her tea myself tell her. It's no short walk from the city, and this is a cold, chilly day."

It was not long in preparing, greatly to Tim's satisfaction, and he and his two sisters sat down to eat, while their mother carried in the meal that Mrs. Warren begged little Peter might join her in for the sake of company.

"Nannie is late," said the lady, "and it's very odd, for she is the quickest creature I ever knew to do an errand."

"Perhaps, ma'am," suggested Rosie, "she may have had business of her own to see to."

"Perhaps so," assented Mrs. Warren, "just look in her little room if she took her new dress to be altered. It was hanging with the rest of her things against the wall. Take this lamp, please."

Rosie did so, and felt that there must be some mistake in the direction, for not an article of clothing of any kind hung about the room anywhere. She had a quick, detective eye, and took in everything it contained, and saw there was nothing left of any kind belonging to the girl. She returned to Mrs. Warren a little bit flurried, but quite convinced of the truth of her own conviction.

"She's gone, ma'am," said she, "and it's my opinion she means to stay. There was an odd look about her in going, and maybe you can know the reason of it all."

"I—" cried Mrs. Warren in agitation; "not I—nothing could startle me more, and such a true, good girl too, though a little odd, as you say. Let me go and see, I can't believe it."

But thus it was, and the more they examined everything, the clearer it became to them that whatever her reason, she had really gone and taken everything belonging to her, except the roll of papers she had given Rosie.

As soon as this item presented itself to her mind, that startled little woman ran into the sitting-room where the children were still making a lengthy meal, and caught it up for examination. It was as she had promised, a bundle of written directions how to make any and every kind of delicacy, and some printed scraps appertaining to the same subject. Nothing that in anywise alluded to or suggested a reason for leaving—and disappointed and confused, Rosie rolled them all up in the big sheet of thin foolscap that had contained them, when all at once she caught sight of the appearance of writing on the inside, and straightway emptied them out, and opened the paper wide, to see if her first glance had been correct. It was indeed writing, but not fresh, nor in fact very legible. It was written cross-wise on the sheet in the form of a note, and in a variety of hands, as if practising at disguise. It ran thus—

"*Miss McEwing*,—A person, whose intention is friendly, but who will not be brought into trouble (this was several times underlined,) informs you that your child lived after it was reported dead, and that if your brother had not been so anxious to hush up matters, he must have suspected it from the hints he got at St. Thomas. If he had gone one step out of his way to follow up things, this person would have helped him then, but he let himself be easily deceived, and only tried to get you away quietly.

"This person has been threatened and hunted enough about this business, and will not come to trouble, that's sure and positive. But this is a warning that if you want to know more, Jane Burtis, and her brother, if living, can tell you all. The poor woman is dead, so is he, and all you need is courage and determination to right yourself and others."

There was no signature to this document, but the writing, where no effort at contorting it out of its natural appearance had been made, was unquestionably Nannie's, and holding it in her hand after she had finished reading it, a curious story appeared in changing pages on Rosie's face. A story full of quick, sharp sentences that one could read better than tell again. Suddenly it resolved itself into a purpose, and catching the sheet, she rolled it up in a little compass, and thrust it into her bosom. It was nearly dark, and a starry night, without promises of a moon. She saw this in the hurried glance she took out of the window, then she ran quickly into her lodger's room.

"Mrs. Warren, I'll away into town with Tim for company. I know where the doctor lives, and I'll stop there and ask for Nannie, and, besides, I must take a message to my good lady that's going abroad, and I fear I'm too late to see her now."

"Oh, no, pray don't think of it, dear Mrs. O'Connell, for it would be a terribly dreary walk for you, and we will be left all alone too."

"What shall we do? Mary Ann, are not you afraid, dear?"

Mary Ann had seen her mother's excitement, and fearing the letter held some ill tidings of her brother John, had followed her in to try and discover its contents, now she said decidedly and with spirit,

"No, ma'am, I'm not a bit afraid, and if mother will take me, Tim can stay and guard the house if you will feel safer with him."

"No," cried Mrs. Warren, "I'll let your mother have his protection; but just think how very wretched it was in that Nannie to behave so, and I really feel like crying."

"Go, mother," exclaimed Mary Ann. "If it's anything concerning Miss McEwing, she should know it at once. I'll play to Mrs. Warren, and do all I've seen Nannie do to get her ready for bed. She'll give me credit for being as good a maid as she ever had, I know she will, when you come back."

So saying, Mary Ann hurried off her mother, who waited for no further assurance, but flinging her cloak around her and drawing a wadded hood over her widow's cap, enjoined Tim to lose no time in following her, but come away at once.

Over the path that crossed the Ridge and past the very stones where her poor husband had been found dying months before, Rosie hastened, Tim scurrying after, with less enthusiasm to sustain him in the exertion, and many objections to offer against foolish haste.

"You said, mother, that Miss Sarah was leaving the city, you did, this very day, and what's the use of breaking one's necks after her when she's not there?" he urged, gasping between breaths from exertion.

"We can argue that coming back," cried his mother, still in advance; "there's a chance, and for that bare chance I'd walk all night over sharp stones with my feet bare."

"Indeed, then, I wouldn't go with you," murmured Tim, in disgust at such a proposition. "I don't think things come as hard on some people as on others, or there would be more that took care of themselves."

There was a light in the wide hall of the McEwings, when Rosie, still ahead of her dissenting son, ran up the broad marble steps and rang the bell with a force that brought the surprised and somewhat indignant waiter in haste to answer.

Miss McEwing had started early that morning, her brother going with her, as far as New York. He would be back next day, and she might call then. This was all the information vouchsafed by the ruffled servitor, and quite enough, as he evidently thought, for the occasion.

Rosie, differing in this view of the case, questioned still further. "Can you tell me where they start from? I mean, where did the lady and gentleman drive to when they started for New York?"

"I dunno, the coachman took 'em, he's not in—so, can't say."

The door closed and the flurried little woman gave herself a few moments for thought. Slowly she descended the steps and slowly she walked away beside her discontented and suspicious son—discontented about the expenditure of so much unprofitable labor, and suspicious of more of like nature being planned. Suddenly she paused, and turning round, faced him under a lamp, with determination in her brown eyes and immovability in the compression of her tight lips.

"You need not go to the trouble to raise a word against what I tell you, Tim," she remarked quietly. "You are to turn and go home and tell Mary Ann to stay from school and see to every thing till she sees me again. There's money in the old black box, and I'll trust her till I come back. I'm going to New York, and will lose no time away, you may be sure; but to go is my clear duty now, and I'll follow it."

Before Tim, whose faculties were completed floored at this announcement, had time to recover himself, his mother kissed him hastily for every one, and twice for little Peter, ran away as if necessity had put wings to her feet, and never paused till she was entirely lost to him in the darkness. At the first large store she came to, Rosie stopped a moment, and after a glance through the windows to assure herself of the style of the owners, went calmly in and asked to be directed to the New York depot. It was no great distance from thence to the wharf from which the next train started, and Rosie finding that she would still be in time for the nine o'clock cars, that would land her there at a little after midnight, took breath and courage, for no steamer could sail from any port she knew till morning, and she would have all night to find out the lady she sought.

Arrived at the depot, she disposed herself to rest in the shadows of the outer room, waiting for the opening of the ticket window, an institution she remembered years before, when Terry and she had first entered the city. She was tired with her hasty walk and a trifle confused by the changeful events of the day, and she was glad to secure a moment's respite and repose. She shut her eyes and put her thoughts in order.

"I'm like to go wild with the conflict ov hope and fear," she said to herself. "I was always working to have it fall out another way; but, however, right and justice gains; it's a triumph, and heaven grant me the wisdom to see the best path to find what I look for."

A figure in haste brushed past her and hurried up to the ticket slide, which was now open. The touch roused her from her quiet attitude and she hurried after, eager to get her pass, too. The person who preceded her was a woman, dressed in mourning, like herself, or rather all her clothing was black. She wore beside a thick wrought veil, and seemed in haste and impatient of delay. A movement of her hand in catching up the change caught Rosie's eye. She gave a start, and in another instant had linked her arm through that of the hurrying woman, and said to her softly,

"Now, Nannie, please heaven, I won't lose sight ov you till ye do your duty by others as a woman ov sinse and courage should."

Seeing who spoke and held her arm, Nannie, without the least show of resistance, coolly threw aside her veil and stepped back to the window, where two women and a girl stood ready to buy tickets.

"Will you take this one?" she asked. "I find I don't need to go on this train."

The woman regarded it suspiciously and would have declined, till a gentleman near at hand assured them it was correct, when one of them paid her for it and stepped out of the crowd struggling to be waited on.

"That will do," said Nannie, giving back one of the dollars. "I should have lost it all if you hadn't bought it, I suppose." Then she turned to Rosie and laughed "Come," said she, "let's be walking back."

Rosie was entirely unprepared for this philosophical surrender, and followed silent and passive, merely taking the precaution to grasp her companion's dress, lest she should display another freak of her odd character by suddenly bolting. They passed out of the office and out of the neighborhood of the hacks and hurrying groups of foot passengers, all flowing towards the boat landing. They walked on silently till they came to a quieter street, and then Nannie turned and asked,

"Now, Mrs. O'Connell, why did you follow me?"

For a moment Rosie was unable to answer; she had not followed her, but she thought it best not to have her think so, and at length said—

"It's I that should ask why did you fly off that way, when you know it was your duty to stay?"

The woman tossed her head, and laughed again.

"Duty," she cried, "of all the twisted, changeful, many-sided things in the world, duty's the most so. I ran away from what seemed to me my duty, and it's by that same duty that you accuse me of wrong in not staying."

"Was the comfort and peace of an injured lady nothing to consider?" asked Rosie, sternly.

"Was the solemn prayer of a dead one nothing to disregard?" asked the other, in the same tone.

Rosie paused irresolute; they were treading on new ground to her—not so her companion—she trembled violently, and seemed excited beyond her control.

"Heaven knows," she exclaimed, passionately, "that I should have died rather than have made the poor thing that's gone, uneasy in her grave, as she said she should be if I broke faith with her. I knew you were working and boring to get it all out of me; and when I couldn't hold my tongue any longer, I ran off." She wiped the big drops of perspiration off her forehead as she spoke, and finally resumed her own manner. "It's all up trying to get free from you; so you can just say that I stopped late at the dressmaker's, with her child, that's lying very ill; as for my clothes being gone, maybe you didn't notice that I had taken them off the pegs to clean the paper, and that they are all packed in the box in your back kitchen."

Her quiet surrender of herself to fate, nonplussed Rosie more than resistance would have done; for that it was caused by her impression that whatever the nature and character of her former life it was clearly known to her, Rosie could not but perceive. There was but one thing presented to her, and that she seized on as a guide.

"The dead need none ov our care or thought, Nannie," she said, seriously, "it is the living we owe all to, when aid is in our power. The poor thing can be no better nor worse for any act ov yours now."

"Ah, but how do I know that he's gone?" said Nannie, falling into the trap. "He was the one I feared—and I don't wonder it turned the poor woman's brain to try and cope with him."

"That was Miss McEwing's husband," said Rosie, calmly, but with her heart in her mouth, lest she had guessed wrong.

"To be sure," assented Nannie, "those that knew both brothers of them as I did, could never be deceived by the good looks and flashing ways of the younger, as the McEwings were. She was only a child, and her brother made the match, though she was so dazzled by the villain, that she thought it was the best thing that could happen to her at all. Maybe it was; because I saw the old one without any of the polish or glitter of the young one, and knew that the same blood and spirit belonged to both."

"To both Miss McEwing's husband and her husband's brother," suggested Rosie, straining her attention to follow this desultory commentary.

"To old and young Thorndyke," cried Nannie, in impatient acquiescence.

"But though the works of the devil are alike evil in effect, let them come in what form they may, they're more successful when a handsome man is the moving power; and with women they are irresistible. Your saintly Miss McEwing had no sense in those days, or she would have seen his cloven foot when her lover came to court her."

Rosie sighed deeply; they had reached the road that branched off towards the Ridge; the houses were growing fewer, and long open lots, bordered with poplar trees, that shut out the starlight from them by their shadows when the lane grew narrow, stretched around them. Rosie's heart beat fast, for she had no faith in her returning companion, and she kept a sharp eye on her at every turning, lest she should fly over the fence and away. But Nannie displayed no such erratic tendency, but plodded steadily on through the cold and darkness apparently lost in thought.

At length as they neared their destination she seemed to grow impatient of Rosie's silent guardianship, and broke out with,

"For Heaven's sake, woman, speak! You did not watch and mark every word I said since you first saw me, or come scenting me out like a blood hound for nothing, did you?"

"Nannie, you're wild," said Rosie, quietly, in reply. "I don't know what you mean by watching you; and the only thing I scent is a concealed truth that by being made plain as truth should, will make others happy."

"Oh, you're deep, you, and Miss McEwing," returned the other, more good temperedly; "it makes me laugh to think of the deep plot of getting Mrs. Warren to live with you, that you might watch me unsuspected and work round me without my knowledge. Why, Mrs. O'Connell, I'd have told you the whole story a dozen times over, if it had been mine to tell; and if the poor broken-hearted creature hadn't put vows on me to keep it all, for fear of a word of it injuring him. The wretch that he was, to break and desolate such a loving heart. Miss McEwing's your lady; she was mine; she mightn't have been just so lofty in her ways nor so high bred; but she was as pretty as mortal girl could be till she took the blight trouble brought her. I was with her when she was married to him; and I declare to Heaven, I thought it as true and good a marriage as ever was said and done, till a month after, when I heard the young limb of Satan laughing that he had done the trick to please Thorndyke, and divert themselves. He had taken her to New Orleans then from the country where she was born and lived all her life; and I walked all night to where her mother was, to tell her of the black plot I'd discovered; but when I got there the delicate creature was lying ill—and I felt her daughter's disgrace would kill her—so I walked back; and she never saw me, nor knew I was there, because I watched through the cottage window. When I got back to the city, I was sick with the fatigue, and my pretty blossom nursed me and talked to me of her happiness, so that I hadn't the heart to start her with the black news. Thinks I, if it comes slowly it will work its own way—and come it must. It did come slowly; first he went away for a week—then for a month—then for ever. He left money, but not much, and she had a child, a little girl, a month or two afterwards, which took it all; and we went home to her mother—who died a week from the time she saw the story. I say saw, you see, because no one had told her or me anything, it was a terrible kind of guessing—all the more terrible that it was true. The worst of it was, she wouldn't talk, but just only walk the floor in a steady, queer tramp, that took the courage out of me to watch. For a year after, she was always near a window as if waiting; and when I saw that she wouldn't give him up, I made up my mind to go to old Thorndyke, in New York. They had both been speculating and selling and buying in partnership down South, and I found by constant inquiring that the old one was in New York, doing business alone. I didn't tell her my object exactly, but I got off as travelling maid to a lady going North, trusting to getting back the same way. Well, I saw him—and of all the hardened old devils that ever disgraced human form, he was the worst. He was looking for him himself, he said; and began a long tale of what he had lost through his gay life in New Orleans—he had beggared him, and misused his capital that he trusted him with; and he would be righted yet if he lived. As for the deceiving of a woman, or the breaking of her heart, what was that, the old flint-stone said; but his loss was a tangible one, and he'd have it back he would, if he paid himself out of his brother's blood. I knew he didn't know any more than I, where the wretch had hid himself; and so I worked my way back as I had come. And we lived along between life and death, in a way that was terrible for me to see. Every one has their ways, Mrs. O'Connell, as you and I are old enough, and have seen enough of the world to understand. If it had been me, the bare thought of what disgrace and mischief the wretch intended to do me, would have given me strength to rise up and relieve my mind by cursing his name and race—but with my poor lady, it went for nothing; it was the loss of him killed her by inches; she would have been content to have borne a mountain of shame from the world, for one smile from his cowardly face. It's too queer to try to understand, you know. I gave it up before I began, for I'd have lost all the good nature I ever had in trying."

"God help her," ejaculated Rosie, softly.

"The only help that was for her, came from Him and by the hand of His grimmest messenger, Death," continued Nannie, now fairly launched in her subject; "but there was terrible work before all was over, as you know. I never wished Miss McEwing harm; nor did I ever lay eyes on her till I saw her in the glory and grandeur of a fashionable bride; and of all the proud queens of women I ever beheld, she was the proudest. I was not tracking them when I came across her; indeed I had given up finding him, and so I hoped had the poor lady, for she was quieter and more taken up with her child. It was four years old; and we had got a little money from an old grand aunt that died in Havana. I persuaded her that it was necessary to go there, to make a settlement, because I thought a change would do her good; and I really began to hope that the glimpse of fortune would raise her heart from brooding over its misery.

"It was a queer chance took us to St. Thomas—if chance it was. The little one was sick and ailing, and a doctor, who had been very good to us, was going there. He half persuaded us to the trip; and I think there was some inward feeling in it too, for poor girl, she shuddered as if she was in a fit when we first saw the land; but she had been there for months, strange enough, before she knew what it held for her. That was not my case, for I had not been on shore an hour before some one told me that Mr. Thorndyke had bought a plantation, and was visiting it with his bride; and then I saw her, as I tell you, looking so triumphant and grand, that I hated her when I thought of the poor withered flower she had displaced.

"Let who like say the contrary, I tell you that I never did seek to do her harm; but I tried with all my power, to get my poor lady away before she made the discovery, because I felt no good could come of it. But I couldn't move her; first it was one thing, then another, as an excuse; and I found out—as I suppose you have too, that it's harder to guide a generally yielding woman when she gets a whim, than all the determined ones in the world. Well, you know as well as I do, that she saw him at last, and by some stranger freak still, never aimed her hate or wrath at him, but at her. I couldn't help her stealing up that night to the verandah, and climbing into Miss McEwing's room. When I got there it was all over, and she had told her story, and tried to kill the woman she thought had wronged her.

"She did raise a dagger, but she never struck her; for I carried my poor dying girl away after her fit of rage and revenge had exhausted her life; and saw your lady lying insensible with her eyes wide open—but not a drop of blood was spilt—of that I'm sure—"

Suddenly pausing they stood face to face with the old manor on the Ridge, and for the first time since she had looked at it, Rosie noted the lights flitting from window to window, and while both stood still in astonishment, the side door, leading down the bare snow-covered garden, opened, and a woman's figure appearing with a loose cloak thrown over her head, stopped only to place the light she carried out of the draught, and then closing the door after her, seemed to speed over the white ground like a flying shadow, in the direction of the cottage.

"It's Jane Burtis after us both," cried Nannie, under her breath; "it was the work of fate all through—and this is the last act of the play."

Rosie could not speak; she had labored ceaselessly to unwind the very clue that was then unrolling itself, but the whirl of its circles was carrying her away with the force of a maelstrom.

Jane's swiftness had been so great that she met them returning before they had reached the garden.

She stood breathless an instant—then seizing on their garments, dragged them with her.

"Come," she cried, in a voice so different from the one she had used in addressing her before, that Rosie could not have recognized it. "Come quickly, you can relieve his mind; he was told it two days ago, but he has fallen to wandering, and declares it was a dream, and that I am deceiving him. Hurry and set him right, if you call yourself a Christian woman, before he dies."

Perfectly unresisting, yet in a confusion of feeling she could not conquer, Rosie followed in haste, and her companion kept pace beside her. They gained the threshold and passed into the dreary old hall, that even then struck Rosie with a strange sense of unfamiliar nearness, seen so long without knowledge.

The woman turned round and faced them both, with the light in her hand.

"Don't waste your time in being horror-struck or shocked, or whatever name you may give your pious feelings; remember that he is going where he will be judged, without need of your feeble outcry. He had been wronged and ruined by the boy's father, and he could not prove his claims to redress by law; the child was to inherit everything, the great wealth gained by investing his hard savings was to go to him, without one cent to my master; he was not himself when he struck the blow, and he has lived a haunted life of horror ever since. Tell him the boy lives, that John Burtis carried him to you, that you took care of him, and that he don't curse but forgives him."

With this she turned and hurried up a stair-case, they following her, and when she paused at a little door she turned again to remind them by the warning of her face what they should do.

It was a good sized, but dreary looking room, with no actual discomfort in it, except a faded appearance everywhere, and a want of brightness and comfort in anything. It held, beside the ordinary furniture of a bedroom, a great book-case and writing-desk combined, the front of which was opened, and a mass of papers scattered over its self-falling leaf. On the bed lay an old man of wasted appearance, and a sharp, restless misery pinched into every feature. He was not so aged, as utterly prostrated by disease and suffering, and his eyes and cheeks were now preternaturally bright with fever.

"Ah, you're come," he cried, sitting upright like an ugly figure carved in yellow wood; "but I won't believe you—I won't believe you. Where's John?"

This last inquiry he uttered in a startled, shrieking way, and Rosie's heart beat fast, lest some evil had befallen her absent boy.

Though so anxious to relieve his perturbed mind, Jane Burtis showed no sympathy in her voice and manner.

"Now what's the use of your crying out like that?" she said with sharp determination. "You know as well as I do that you sent him away day before yesterday with Letty to New York. You said you should get better if she was out of your sight, and you could try and realize the boy was living then."

"So I could, so I could," assented the old man. "You see she was always looking at me with that wide open stare, that held my hand back from a second blow, and made me sober."

"These women will tell you that the boy is well and living in comfort; he has forgiven you long ago, and now you only want to ask heaven to forgive you, so that you may be at peace."

"Yes," he assented, feebly, "I want to be at peace, but I don't want to die. I'll confess, if it will save my life. Jane, Jane, tell me, will it save my life to confess?"

The woman glanced at Rosie and Nannie with a hard, questioning eye.

"Can either of you pray?" she asked, suddenly. "If you understand such things you must see that this is a case of need. If you have any faith in your trade, show it here."

Rosie stepped forward.

"I can, and with God's help I will," she said, solemnly. "Tell me the truth, and I'll strive with heaven to have mercy on your poor, black, guilty soul."

The old man turned quickly and fastened his eyes on her face. There was something in its depth of earnest feeling that seemed a hope to cling to.

"Give me some promise," he cried, "or I may go before I can speak. I'm very, very weak, and my heart is dry and withered up by a constant fire. It was a wicked thing to wrong me as he did. I trusted him with all I could make by saving out of my very life itself, and he wasted and squandered it to the winds and beggared me. Then he married a rich woman and bought land and prospered. There was trouble between them and she went crazy, so the child was kept by Jane here; and the brother who came to

take the mad woman home, knew nothing about its living."

"He didn't care to know," said Nannie, under her breath. "I gave him hints, though I was in mortal fear of Thorndyke, who was a devil and would not stop at blood, as he told me."

"When he died, Jane came to me with this boy, and a girl some years older that was his, too, though born in New Orleans, after a sham marriage with a creole."

Nannie darted a look of hate and anger at Jane Burtis, and muttered beneath her breath against her at these words. The sick man went on—

"John Burtis was my clerk, and we worked together; he was a lawyer once, and arranged it so that the business was done without trouble. There were no inquirers. The McEwings had nothing to say. Richard Thorndyke died abroad, and not a soul ever questioned the fate of his son."

"What wicked fiend tempted you to injure the child?" asked Rosie, watching every movement and catching every tone of the narrator.

"But it seems I didn't harm him, or are you all deceiving me again?" shrieked the old man.

"No, no, no," cried Jane, "he is living and forgives you. Keep that in your mind."

He dropped back among the pillows, and his voice was going—it was almost a whisper as he continued,

"I had drank late, and talked over my wrongs till the devil roused me to vengeance. I struck him where he lay asleep on the sofa in Jane's nursery. She was out, and he had not been put to bed. The little girl heard the blow or some infernal power awoke her, for she sat up and looked at us both till she saw the blood fly, and then she fell back as if she was dead. She never spoke again—terror stole away her voice, but I've lived in fear lest she might tell the tale in signs, or show it written in her own white face, and I've washed away a thousand crimes by unnumbered thousand fears."

Rosie fell on her knees.

"Oh, God of mercy, of pity and pardoning love," she cried with upturned eyes full of passionate entreaty, "breathe one breath of Thy spirit upon this man, so that he may cry for forgiveness, and in this last hour hear him, even if his earthly voice be lost for ever."

Whilst those earnest pleadings went up, a curious change fell upon the face of the sick man. He received that fatal and unerring blow from a viewless hand, known to the world as being "struck with Death," and his wild, gleaming eyes were the only answers to Rosie's heartfelt petitions in his behalf, for his lips were sealed to all eternity.

It was daybreak when all was over, and the two women went shuddering together away from the dreary old house—now the mansion of death. Jane Burtis went with them into the hall, and detained Rosie an instant as she was going.

"You're a good woman, I suppose," she said, "and when things go well with you, you will feel that you have received the reward of your good works. Look now at me. I have been faithful to the Thorndykes, and gone with them for good or evil for thirty years. My brother John, whom you know, turned his back on them, and making my poor master believe the boy was dead, wrung his soul hourly with dreadful agonies of fear, and made him pay heavy sums to keep the secret. When I discovered he was living at last, which was but a little while before you came here, I felt it would be no relief to undeceive him, as dread of the law prosecuting him for the boy's rights would be a newer and almost as unendurable a fear, so I tried to drive you away for fear you would see poor Letty, and find out by watching her more than would be good for our peace. It's all over now, the task is done, and you can have your own. John Burtis came back a week ago, and took Letty away to relieve the old man, and it only made him worse. He told us about you so clearly that surmise became certainty. Give us two days, if you have any pity for the dead, and then send for Mr. McEwing."

Curious indeed are the chances of life—if indeed we should not call them Providences! Who could have foreseen that the son of the younger and deceased Thorndyke by his second and acknowledged wife (Miss McEwing,) would have drifted with his adopted mother, here into this out-of-the-way Cottage on the Ridge. And equally strange, that the elder Thorndyke, with the stricken daughter of the first wife, should also have drifted into the old adjacent dwelling—to startle the inmates of the cottage with the weird and ghostly flittings of the singular child, and to affright Miss McEwing with her resemblance to the dead. But such are the curious workings of that power, which some men call Chance or Fate, and others the overruling Providence of God!

Poor Rosie, well might she press her weary head, and rub her failing eyes as she passed over her threshold that morning.

Mary Ann, in excess of industry and trustworthiness, was up and had the kettle singing gayly, and everything in pleasant order.

Seeing both of them come in together, she cried out in surprise, and seeming to argue something bad for the welfare of her brother, exclaimed,

"Oh, mother, what is it? Has anything happened to brother John?"

"He's not your brother, dear—he's a born gentleman, the son of a high lady, and we may all bid good-bye to him now."

Saying this in a faint, husky voice, the poor woman sank down by her own hearth and fainted away.

The next day Rosie O'Connell lay so ill in a fever that no one disturbed her on any account, but unless Nannie waited on her and kept in her sight, she seemed so uneasy that Mrs. Warren, to whom Nannie's explanation, with the appended account of the death at the manor was entirely satisfactory, insisted that she should stay by her, and allow Mary Ann to take her place in the parlor.

Poor Mary Ann was discretion itself, but despite her utmost endeavors, an interest in John's fortunes betrayed itself in the anxious face she presented at her mother's door every time it opened; but no satisfaction beyond Nannie's assurance that "he would soon come into a fortune" could she obtain.

"Nannie," said Rosie, waking from a sleep towards evening, "that's a good, true girl, stay by me till John has his rights, and heaven will bless you."

"I never meant to leave you, Rosie, only through fear that some harm would come to my poor lady's child. They swore—Richard Thorndyke and John Burtis—did—that if I broke faith with them about the boy, that Thorndyke had a fiendish desire to keep from his mother's people after the rupture—that if anything happened to let out the truth, they would be revenged on the little girl, whom I could neither rescue from them by stratagem or prayers. I've lived, hoping to get her sometime, but never knew I was near her till to-night. To-morrow or next day when you're better, I'll follow her and find her if she's alive on earth."

"It is my brother John," cried Mary Ann, joyfully, from the door. Rosie sprang up and threw a gown around her, and ran out into the sitting room. He stood by the table, with a newspaper in his hand, and dressed from head to foot in complete mourning; he kissed his mother silently but earnestly, and sat down. He was greatly changed, from something that had happened, and seemed impressed beyond the power of utterance.

Not knowing how to begin, Rosie paused a moment, and he placed the paper in her hand, pointing to a little paragraph in one corner; it read thus:

"Died, suddenly, in New York, when on the eve of embarking for Europe, of disease of the heart, Miss Sarah McEwing, daughter of the late Jonathan McEwing, of this city, in the 37th year of her age."

Rosie sank back in her chair, and Nannie gave a cry of distress.

"Oh, it was my doing that took her there; I wanted to warn her that her son was living, without letting her know who the news came from; so I wrote a letter, and got a woman in Liverpool to receive it, and post it back again to the United States, so that Miss McEwing wouldn't know where it came from."

"Mr. McEwing tells me—he has heard it all from John Burtis, who sailed on the steamer for Europe, that, that Miss McEwing meant to go by—that the whole story of our relationship is made plain to him; and that the poor, poor dumb girl that startled us so, was the cause of the death of my real mother, by appearing suddenly before her in the hall of the hotel, and producing a spasm from which she never recovered. The poor thing is very ill herself, and I am heart-broken that my poor life should bear such bitter fruit."

"John, dear," cried Rosie, "I know it all; and now tell me, before you add another word, what kind of a heart do you bring with you to your old home."

"It's the only place that has a smile of peace or joy for me in all the world," he cried, and threw himself into her arms.

Five years from that evening, no one would have known the O'Connell family as the same beings who moved from a city court out to the cottage on the Ridge. Rosie was a lady, with the polish of foreign travel and good breeding upon her. Tim was a gentleman of elegant habits, having received a collegiate education, partly under the supervision of his foster brother, John. Kitty was a sweet bud of a girl, bright and accomplished; and Mary Ann was no longer Mary Ann O'Connell, having just become the wife of her foster brother, John O'Connell Thorndyke, the dearest, noblest, and best of men, according to his mother-in-law's opinion.

His poor half-sister, Letty, lived under Nannie's especial charge, as a pet of Mrs. Warren's, who found in her a successor to little Peter, when that branch of the family went abroad. She was always her brother's conscientious care, although a certain dread of her, from the extraordinary likeness she bore her mother, and which resemblance had proved so fatal to his own mother, always distinguished his feelings towards her.

Jane Burtis went away, no one knew where. Her brother was thought to have died in Australia. [THE END.]

IN THE DARK.

Come back! come back!
For the light went out
When your eyes looked away from my own;
Grieved and weary I wander about
In the cold and the dark alone,
Trying to find my way to your side,
Come, darling, and take my hand!
Once I drew it away, in my pride,
From the tenderest one in the land!

Come back! come back!
With the spring's sweet prime—
With the birds from over the sea;
For I turn my face from the golden time,
And my ears from its melody.
For my passionate soul cries out for the day
Ere your heart fell away from mine—
Cries out for the cup that I pushed away,
Spilling its golden wine.

Come! and your kiss shall kindle again
The passion bloom of my cheek;
Come! and read in my eyes the pain
That my lips are too proud to speak.
Come! for I lie in the cold without,
Thrilled with agony wild—
All of you; and my soul cries out
Like a poor little motherless child.

DURHAM'S WOOING.

I.

She sat leaning forward a little, so that her face was framed by the brougham window, and the light from the great lamp under the Embassy portico fell full upon it. What might have been dangerous for most women at that hour of the morning, Alice, Lady Brankston, probably felt was quite safe for her. So there she sat a moment before she drew her hand away from his unconscionably long pressure.

He, poor fellow, stood bare-headed on the Albert-gate pavement looking at her as if he would have liked to stand there looking at her for an indefinite period; thinking what a darling she was, and wondering more than usual whether he should ever have the pluck to tell her so.

A linkman repeated his yell for Lady Clanerankie's carriage, the nearer approach of which had been barred for the last five minutes by the lingering brougham. The occupant of the latter smiled as she lifted her eyes, and saw over her cousin's broad shoulder the angular, grim-visaged peeress glaring down upon her from the steps. Two A. M. was not exactly the time of a summer's day that the countess showed to the best advantage; and she was shrewd enough to know it. So she stood where she had been entrapped by her inexperienced North-British footman and rated the beautiful face more viciously than before. The beautiful face smiled back sweetly on her. But Lady Brankston was a wise little child; and the most perfect little glove had got, somehow, out of its detainer's close grip the next instant. He was her distant cousin; of course every one knew that. But he was *only* her cousin—yet. And so—

And so the violet eyes dropped down

THE LADY ALICE.

again to his; and a voice that a blind man would have loved her for said to him:

"Good-night, Durham. Don't forget, now. To-morrow."

And then the glass was pulled up, and the brougham drove away.

Quite unconscious of the grinning linkmen, of the half-dozen street Arabs; quite unconscious of Lady Clanerankie, who swept past him into her family ark, trumpeting in her wrath like a "rogue" elephant, Durham Vandeleur remained where Alice Brankston had left him, twisting a great golden moustache that drooped in umbrosial curls below his chin, and staring steadily at the lamp-post at the corner, round which the little lady's chariot had whirled fully a minute ago.

"Regular thingamy, you know!" the Guardsman muttered to himself, but, from long habit, apparently addressing the brandy-faced linkman at his elbow. "Riddle, ain't she? Pretty, but puzzling. Awful, you know. By Jove!"

The expletive came out in a long-drawn sigh, that seemed to rouse the utterer from his trance. He shook himself together and turned up the steps to get his hat and coat. It was about the best ball of the season, that night at the Embassy, and just in full after-supper swing; but what was there for him to stop for now that *she* was gone, he asked himself.

"I'll walk home," he determined, dropping his hat on his curly head, and diving into the dust-coat pockets for a cigar-case. "I'll walk home, and have a pipe, and—and *think*," he added, desperately, as if he had made up his mind to commit suicide.

"Going, old boy?" a cheery voice asked behind him. "Same here. We'll go together."

"Fact is, Durham," Tom Savile went on, "fact is, I've been wanting to talk to you for the last hour, only I saw you were so busy with that flirting little B."

"Alice ain't a flirt, Tom! At least"—poor Durham felt constrained to qualify the flatness of his denial—"at least I don't *think* she is, you know."

"O!" Tom returned, looking up at him rather curiously; "you don't *think* the little B.'s a flirt, eh? Ah! well, then—"

"Well, what?"

Tom whistled a bar or two, and looked again up into the other's face, that was calm as ever, but with just a shade of anxiety across it.

"Then," resumed Mr. Savile, slowly—"you don't think she means anything with that fellow Colocynth?"

The puzzled look on Vandeleur's countenance deepened. He sucked hard at the big cabana till it blazed an angry red; but for a whole minute made no answer.

"Tom, old boy," he sighed out at length, flinging away, as it were, the Guardsman's mask before his bosom friend, and rather shocking the latter by the unwonted display of emotion,—"Tom, I don't know *what* to think. By Gad! I don't!"

"Whe-o-ugh!" whistled the acute youth, who saw it all now; "spoons, eh? Poor old Durham!"

There was a heartfelt, honest pity in the young philosopher's tone at the notion that his senior had taken the terrible disease he (the young philosopher) had hitherto managed by wise precautions to escape, that broke down the guileless Grenadier's reserve altogether; and out of the fulness of his heart he spake. By the time the two had got as far as Down-street, Tom Savile knew all about the course of his captain's true love.

"That's how it is, you see," perorated Durham; "I can't make her out. She's a regular note of interrogation to me, she is! A conundrum. I've spooned her all my life, I believe. But of course they'd never have let her have me while I was only a younger son; and so I went away from her with Frank Beaudesert and his brother, after the big game out in Africa, the year she came out. When I heard she'd married old Brankston, I used to wish I might never come back. I did, by Jove!"

"No good in that, you know," observed the practical Tom.

"However," Durham went on, "I *did* come back. Old Brankston was dead before they'd been married six months. She was prettier than ever; and I kenner on her. She was very jolly to me after a while. At first she seemed savage with me about something. But by-and-by we got to be just as we always had been. That's how we are now. She's heaps of coin; and I'm the head of the house since poor Denis went under. And I might ask her to-morrow."

"Why the deuce don't you, then?"

"How the deuce can I? I tell you I can't make her out. Sometimes I think she does really care for me, you know. But then I know I ain't clever and that, like that fellow Colocynth, and can't talk pretty to her by the hour as he can. And he seems to be making awful running with her; and she seems to mean him. And sometimes she bullies me and is so hard on a fellow; and sometimes she's just the other way. And I don't know what to make of her, or what to do. I'm not exactly afraid of her, Tom, though she is awful sharp and satirical when she likes; but I could no more walk into her drawing-room and tell her right off the reel that I loved her, and ask her to marry me, than I could ask her to play blind-hookey. I've tried it often; and it's no go. I get stumped directly I open my mouth. If I felt pretty safe, I might do it; but I never can be sure whether she'd take it all right, or whether she thinks I'm a fool, and it don't matter; or that I'm only Cousin Durham, and she don't care; and so she'd simply laugh and chaff me. So I've gone on keeping it dark from her."

"Well, but," put in the acute Savile, "if you keep it dark from her, how's she to know?"

Vandeleur wagged his head, and looked down pityingly on his interlocutor.

"Women know everything, Tom," he replied solemnly. "There's nothing they ain't up to, in these times. *She'd* know fast enough—if she cared, that is."

"Perhaps she *does* know?" suggested Tom, adroitly adopting his senior's reasoning. "And care, too. But, hang it, you can't expect her to tell you till you ask her, old boy! Women do cool things enough now-a-days, everybody's aware; but the little B. wouldn't do such a thing as that, by George! You go to Curzon-street, and ask her properly, to-morrow. Perhaps she's only working Colocynth to bring you on, after all!"

"Think so?" Durham asked, with temporary animation. "But no," he added, moodily; "Alice ain't a flirt, you know."

"Ain't she?" observed the Honorable Thomas to himself; "deuced good imitation of one, anyhow. Never mind," he continued aloud; "you go and ask her like a man, and get it settled one way or the other before dinner to-morrow. Look here," as a brilliant idea struck him, "I'll tell you how to do it. *Write to her!*"

Vandeleur pulled up short, and laid his hand on his sub's shoulder. A stray policeman under the Green Park trees on the other side of Piccadilly stopped to wonder what the two swells were up to.

"By Jove!" Durham said feelingly, "what a clever beggar you are, Tom! I never thought of that."

Pythias smiled modestly, but immensely flattered by Damon's praise.

"That's what I'd do," he said; "and do it to-night too. Then she'll be able to give you your answer when you call to-morrow. She told you to call, you know; so you're sure to find her at home."

"I'll go and do it now," the other replied resolutely, flattering himself for a moment that it was as easy for him to do as it looked.

"All right," Tom nodded. "Make it pretty strong, I would; and quite plain. A note of interrogation, you know. And now here we are at my corner. Good-night, old boy. Stop, though! I've forgotten what I wanted to tell you. I heard just now there's a screw loose with Bayadere. So I'd recommend you to hedge all you can. Ta-ta!"

"See about that in the morning," answered Durham, his mind too full of another matter to care much about that promising racer he had invested so largely upon. "Good-night."

And there at the Clarges-street corner the two men separated; Tom Savile to sleep the sleep of the just, and Vandeleur to indite his note of interrogation in the quiet of his chambers in Dover-street.

He put on a smoking-coat, lit a segar, and a lamp on his side-table, and set to work.

Just as he dipped his pen slowly into the ink, a letter lying on the table, which he had failed to notice before, happened to catch his eye.

He took it up and looked at it, not sorry, after all, for the moment's respite it gave him.

"Spavin's fist," he muttered aloud. "Something about the filly, I suppose."

The scroll was from Mr. Spavin, and did concern the Bayadere. It was also much more satisfactory than the intelligence Tom Savile had imparted to her backer half an hour previously.

"I'll send Tom a line," Vandeleur thought, "and catch him before he goes down to the Corner. I fancy there's nothing to hedge about. Other way on!"

The sun had risen over the London chimney-pots two full hours when the note of interrogation for Lady Alice in Curzon-street, and the line for Tom Savile about Bayadere, were both written and lying before their greatly-tried author on the blotting-pad.

"Jove! it *was* a pull," sighed Durham, as he picked out a couple of envelopes and directed them; "but it's over at last, all right. Wonder what she'll say to it?"

He put the missives in the enclosures; left them where his man Potts couldn't fail to see them when he should enter the room by-and-by; and betook himself thoughtfully to bed, where Durham Vandeleur dreamed that Lady Alice said "Yes."

II.

Noon in Curzon street. The little lady was dawdling over her coffee-cup and her rusk upstairs, invisible as yet to other mortal eyes than those of Pauline the privileged. That demoiselle was gliding down on some errand when scarlet on the hall door-mat met her glance. Barker, butler, was in colloquy with a *militaire*. Mademoiselle at once recognized the martial Potts. Potts came to Curzon street pretty often in these days, and the susceptible Parisienne was conscious of feeling rather a tenderness for the stalwart but stolid grenadier, who irritated Barker every time he came by persistently ignoring the area, and effecting an improper entrance in the front of the fortress.

Mademoiselle then leisurely betook herself back to my lady's chamber, carrying Durham's letter with her.

"From Monsieur le Capitaine, miladi," she said demurely, as she placed it on the little "sulky" drawn up close to the sofa, and glanced as she turned away at a mirror opposite, just in time to see the prettiest little flush possible cross miladi's cheek.

Lady Alice took up the scarlet-monogrammed missive that she had recognized the moment she saw it in Pauline's hand, and twisted it about meditatively in her own.

"What can the goose want to write for," she thought, "when he is to come here about the box this afternoon? To tell me he can't come, perhaps. And yet he seemed delighted enough in his way when I told him he was to, last night. But then I don't think I understand Durham. I fancied once he cared for me. And now I fancy—No, I can't make him out. Durham's a puzzle. He follows me about everywhere; but he's so provokingly imperturbable I don't know what he means by it. He never *says* anything. Then he'll sit here by the hour; but I've never quite decided whether it's in silent adoration of me or intricate calculation of the odds on the next race he's an entry for. Provoking! He won't get jealous of that donkey Colocynth. When I bully him, he pulls that great stupid moustache of his, and looks at his boots; and when I talk prettily to him, he goes on pulling his moustache and looks at me—and that's all. What am I to do with him? I care about him, don't I? I'm afraid so. More about him than any one? I'm afraid so, again. Because, if he don't happen to care about *me* more than any one else, why—it will be awkward, won't it? Now, *does* he? I don't know. But I will though! I'll put an end to this this afternoon. It's too much to be perpetually confronted with an eternal note of interrogation! But perhaps he isn't coming?"

And thus brought back to Durham's unopened letter, the little lady pulled it out of its envelope.

She glanced at the first line, and then looked back at the address. The address was her own—perfectly correct.

"Then what," she asked herself aloud—"what does he mean by calling me 'Dear Tom?'"

Then she read what follows, and what we will read over her shoulder.

"Dear Tom, don't hedge a half-penny. Bayadere's all serene. I shall stand the lot on her; and if you can get the long odds you may put on an extra pot for me in the shape of an additional monkey or so. I'm bound to be in Curzon street this afternoon, or I'd be down at the Corner myself.—Ever yours, D. V."

The little lady looked rather bewildered when she'd finished.

"What does it all mean?" she wondered. You see, her education was hardly up to the present mark; she honestly didn't understand "stable."

She laid the letter down and laughed.

"I see!" she told herself at length, "the goose must have been writing to 'Dear Tom' and me at the same time, and made some stupid mistake in the envelopes. And 'Dear Tom' must have got *my* letter! Pleasant! I wonder what he wrote to me about?"

She rose rather impatiently, and crushed poor Durham's unlucky scrawl close in her little clenched hand.

"Care for me! He cares twice as much about his Bayadere! I've no patience with him! But what could that letter I ought to have got have been about?"

III.

Two o'clock. My lady had got into armor and her drawing-room, and was waiting there, under arms, for the enemy's appearance. The note about Bayadere, carefully

torn in two, had been tossed on to the top of a basket of feminine *chiffons*, where it was well within range of its author's eyeglass when he should have taken up his usual position in his peculiar chair.

Five minutes past two by the Louis-Quinze clock. The little lady looked up from the thoughtful cutting of the new magazine she was engaged in, and began tapping the cover impatiently with the bright blade of a big Algerian poniard she had taken a fancy to, one day when she and Blanche Vandeleur had amused themselves by pulling to pieces a little stand of arms Durham had got fixed up in his smoking-recess, under the delighted eyes of the proprietor. Lady Alice had carried off the dagger in in its workmanlike plain shagreen sheath, and was wont to use it, somewhat to the danger of her pretty fingers, as a peaceful paper-knife. She had rather a vicious grip on the heavy silver handle just now, though, and the violet eyes were darkening with anger against some one.

"He's nearly ten minutes late," she murmured. "After last night, and that letter I ought to have had this morning, if he don't come in five minutes I'll order the carriage. The great goose! What can he be about? Calmly lunching at the club, I suppose, while I'm—Ah! take care, *monsieur mon cousin*—take care!"

She looked delicious in her wrath, that was about half real. Perhaps, meeting her own reflection in the glass at the moment, she thought she did. For the little cloud vanished; the sunshine of a smile shone out again; there was plenary absolution for all the sins he had *not* committed in the tone of the—

"Poor Durham!"

The "great goose" was not calmly lunching at the club; on the contrary, the "great goose," having spent the greater portion of the morning in the service of an ungrateful country, had driven back from Barracks in a swift hansom, had changed the habiliment of its exterior, and, with no better preparation for its ordeal than a glass of sherry swallowed in haste, was at that very moment turning, with mien impassible as ever, but more nervous really than it ever had been in all its life, round the corner into Curzon-street.

A clatter of hoofs outside; Durham's voice distinctly audible through the open windows of the drawing-room; then a knock at the street-door.

"At last," the little lady thought, giving a final glance at her preparations, and taking up her magazine ready to be absorbed therein when Barkr should "discover" her.

But it was not the respectable Barker who burst open the drawing-room door so unceremoniously, and charged into that dainty apartment crying out—

"Oh, auntie! auntie!"

That was Lord Edric Brankston, a nephew of my lady's; a young fellow of the tender age of ten, in an elaborate riding-costume, and with a decided black eye. This youth had just returned from his morning ride; and it was his pony and his attendant's horse who had made all that clatter below.

"Good gracious, Edric! What *have* you been doing, you dreadful child?" his horrified relative inquired, when she became aware of his condition.

"*He* did it!" his lordship explained, unearthing a *bonbonniere* from the basket on the table, and turning over its contents to get at a particular "goody" he much affected.

"I say!" he went on reproachfully; "how jolly greedy you are, auntie! You've eaten all the chocolate creams! I left four of 'em on purpose for myself, you know; and now there ain't one. And I hate these beastly burnt almonds."

"Put that down, sir, and attend to me directly!" Lady Alice said, with great severity. "Now, *who* did it, if you please?"

"Young cad outside," mumbled my lord, with his mouth full of the despised burnt almonds. "He cheeked me, and I hit him with my whip. And then he called me a coward; and then I got down and pitched into him; and I licked him too, though he was twice my weight, Uncle Durham said. And then Uncle Durham gave me a sovereign."

"*Did* he! Uncle Durham ought to be ashamed of himself, then. But you are a brave boy, dear. Only it's very wrong to fight, Edric. I won't have you do such things; and if Uncle Durham chooses to encourage you—Where is he all this time, darling?"

"Down-stairs, talking to the constable about the row; he'll be up directly," my lord returned.

"Ah! Then you come with me to Pauline, and have your face washed, sir! I'm going to give Uncle Durham a good scolding," the little lady said, rising as she spoke, and marching off her prisoner.

"What are you going to scold *him* for?" inquired, aptly enough, the captive, as the two passed through the door. "Because he's afraid of you, you think! Awful bullies you women are!"

When, after arranging matters with an intelligent guardian of the peace, who had witnessed the duel with great interest, and who only interfered at the last moment, to recommend the vanquished street Arab to take himself off with all convenient speed, lest he should find himself in trouble; and having applied a golden salve to the vanquished one's wounds, thereby causing that bleeding hero to affirm energetically his willingness to be "wopped worse twice a day" for an indefinite period on similar terms; when, by-and-by, Durham got into the drawing-room, my Lord Edric was in Mademoiselle Pauline's safe keeping, and Lady Alice entrenched securely once more.

"Afraid of me?" she thought, when the door opened, as the boy's words recurred to her; "is that it, I wonder? Fancy a London man in this year of grace being afraid, though! Well; he shan't go till I know!—Oh! there you are, Durham!" she said aloud, as he came towards her; "good-morning!"

"Good-morning, Alice!" the victim responded, getting the little hand close within his, and depositing his hat on the table. He was more at a loss than ever what to make of her. She must have got his note of interrogation. Potts had delivered it all right, he knew. And yet, here she was, looking as unconscious as possible; as if she hadn't an idea what he had come for.

"Looks bad, her being so confounded cool. She don't mean to know anything about it. And then, how the deuce am I to tell her?" he thought, struck speechless at this last notion.

"Well, what's the matter, Durham?" she inquired, finding he stood there silently stroking his moustache, and staring at her rather helplessly. "You got the box, I suppose?"

"Yes," he returned, calling her heartless in his heart. "Yes, I got the box you wanted, Alice."

"Very well. Then sit down, Durham. I've got to scold you."

He sat down in his usual chair—for him, quite nervous.

"She's savage about the letter!" he said to himself. "Knew she would be. Wish I'd let it alone!"

"How can you be so absurd—such an utter goose!"

"Knew she'd call me a goose," he thought, staring moodily at his boots. "It's all up with me, of course."

"Giving that child sovereigns for fighting street-boys! You know how anxious I am about him while I've charge of him; and you go and—"

"Oh," he said, brightening up again; is that all! Jove! I thought you were angry with me about—about the other thing, you know."

"But I *don't* know. What other thing, pray?"

"Awful unkind her pretending not to know!" he muttered. "How ever am I to bring it out now? Gad! it's worse than if I hadn't written at all, you know."

"Well, Durham, I'm all attention. What is it?"

He got up and walked across the room and back before he spoke again. She looked at him wonderingly. The man was actually excited about something or other. About what?

"Look here, Alice," he said, stepping in front of her; "didn't you get a—a note this morning?"

"*A* note!" she laughed; "dozens, of course."

"But one from me, I mean?"

"Oh, that!" And she laughed again. "Yes, you silly Durham, I had that, too."

"Knew she'd think I was a fool," the "silly Durham" told himself, out to the heart, and showing his pain by never the quiver of a muscle. Not a red Indian at the stake ever had to take punishment more stoically than the Sybarites of our day must learn to do.

"How could you make such a ridiculous mistake!" she went on.

"Mistake, indeed," he returned, just a little bitterness apparent in his tone; "I see it *was* a jolly mistake, Alice."

"Of course. Fancy sending that unintelligible jargon to *me*, sir!"

"Jargon?" This was rather more than the author could stand quietly. "Jargon? Why, there wasn't a word in it that ain't in the dictionary."

"*Your* dictionary, then—the *Slang Dictionary*. Just look at it now. There it is, in that basket. There's enough of it left for you to read, I daresay."

He picked the pieces mournfully out of the tumbled *chiffons*, and crushed them in his hand without looking at them.

"Well!" she asked, her eyes upon some woman's work she had taken up; "can you decipher your own hieroglyphics? It was a long while before *I* could."

He was behind her now, looking for a light of some sort on the davenport.

"Was it?" he answered. "Ah! and when you had, you tore 'em up, eh, and left 'em for any other fellow to read?"

"No; for *you to* read. To show you how absurd you'd been."

"Me to read! Just as if I didn't know 'em by heart. You might have burnt 'em, Alice."

"Dear me! What did it matter, pray? Besides, there's no fire, you goose."

"Might have had one lit, you know," he responded, completing his preparations for an *auto-da-fe* on the broad end of a letter-balance.

She was so used to him that she barely noticed that last remark of his. Besides, she was wondering what could have made him so eloquent about his absurd letter. Couldn't he see he had made a mistake? Or was he thinking still about the one she *ought* to have had? It suddenly flashed across her that the goose might be meaning one thing, and she another; in which case—

Here Durham scraped a vesta, and set the scraps of the unlucky note alight on the paper-weigher. He had got his answer—that cruel laugh just now. She cared nothing for a duffer like him, he saw; nor for his love either, though no one in all the world loved his darling as he did. It was all up with him. There was no use in saying anything more.

She couldn't see what he was about from where she sat; but she heard the crack of the vesta.

"Light that cigar in the hall, Durham," he said, "or go into the conservatory, if you want to smoke, please."

"I ain't going to smoke, Alice," poor Durham answered, crushing out the embers of the *auto-da-fe*, and taking up his hat by its deep-curved brim; "I'm going away now."

She looked up at him, and read something she had never seen on that mask of a face before—it is true, without quite understanding what she read. But in that moment he wasn't quite master of those quivering muscles. The great golden moustache couldn't hide altogether a certain spasmodic twitching about the mouth. And his voice wasn't quite his voice either, she thought. What was the matter with him?

"Going?" she asked; "what are you going for?"

"I can't stay any longer," he said; "and it's better I should go. I sha'n't trouble you about this again, Alice. I quite understand. Shake hands, won't you? It'll be the last time, perhaps."

And he held out his honest hand to her.

She was mystified still; yet little by little she began to see plainly into her puzzle, to read her riddle aright.

She got up; she took the curly-brimmed hat out of his hand, and put it back on the table again. Then she took both his hands in hers, and turned him round to the light. He was quite helpless while she held him so. She looked at him curiously.

"Durham," she said emphatically, "you're excited! Don't deny it now!"—as he moved uneasily—"you are! Now be good enough to tell me what is the meaning of this phenomenon?"

Chaffing him still, he thought she was, and tried to free himself. She twisted him about as if he had been a fractious child, this strong, stalwart grenadier.

"Answer me, sir!" she said imperiously, thinking she must make him speak now, or never. And she did make him speak.

"You know what I mean fast enough!" he said, rather huskily; "and—and I'd rather not be chaffed any more. Let me go."

"Who *is* chaffing you, you great goose?"

"You are!" he broke out rather desperately; "you have been all along. I was a fool ever to think you'd care for me. But you needn't laugh at a fellow, and call him names."

"Laugh at you?" she repeated.

"It's—it's heartless of you, Alice! By George it is!"

"Durham!"

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly, utterly ashamed of himself; "I told you I'd better go. I'm not fit to stop here. Goodbye, Alice. We've been friends ever since we were little beggars at the Grange together. We mustn't quarrel now, you know."

He had got her hand again, and was bending over it; so that he never saw how pale her face was grown, nor the tears that had leaped into her eyes.

"Jolly little hand!" he muttered; "Colocynth or some other lucky fellow will get this, I suppose. And I love her better than any of 'em. It *is* lines for a fellow, you know!"

"He *does* care for me, after all!" she was thinking. "What does he want to go for, then? He *sha'n't* go!"

And, as she felt her hand being released, the little lady slid gracefully into her chair, and murmured behind her handkerchief the never-failing feminine adjuration:

"O, Durham! how can you be so unkind!"

He had got half-way to the door; but he was beside her, bending over her, calling himself a brute, before the words were fairly out of her mouth.

Should he ring for Pauline? No? Should he go away? No? Should he stay? A hand was put back into his once more. He was to stay, when she knew how he—how he—

"How you what, Durham?" my lady murmured, still behind the handkerchief.

"How I love you, Alice!"

"At last!" she said triumphantly to herself. "Do you?" she answered aloud. "Say it again, then. No!" she whispered with a sudden sharpness that frightened him awfully; "hold your tongue, and get away directly!"

She had seen the door-handle turn, this clever little woman, even then, and knew Barker was coming in.

As he did, before Durham had recovered from this last shock. He stuck his glass in his eye, and stared at the correct butler, who bore straight down upon him.

"Letter for you, sir," Barker said, exhibiting one on his salver.

"For me, Barker?" Durham asked, taking the document.

"How stupid of Barker!" thought his mistress.

"Wonder whether the beggar saw me!" thought her lover, as he tore open the envelope.

"Mr. Savile's man inquired if you was here, sir," the unconscious creature explained; "and said it were immediate, if you was."

And then the intruder majestically took himself off.

"From Tom?" the lover muttered.

"That must be 'Dear Tom,'" my lady said, guessing what had come in that envelope at last; "you wrote to 'Dear Tom' about Bayadere, this morning, I know."

"*How* do you know?" he questioned, astounded.

"Because the letter to 'Dear Tom' came to *me*! I was not to hedge a halfpenny; but to put an extra monkey in a pot; and the rest of it. Don't you remember?"

"Gad!" he exclaimed, enlightened all at once; "I must have mistaken the envelopes! You got Tom's note; and he—"

"Got mine, I suppose, you great—I beg your pardon, Durham! I mustn't dare call you names any more. Well; he's sent it back—my note?"

"Yes. Says it don't tell him exactly what he's to do about Bayadere. Jove! I should think it didn't!"

"And what does it tell *me*, sir?" she asked, reading it over his arm, on which her hands were crossed. O, a note of interrogation! Why couldn't you ask yourself?"

"Afraid to," he replied; "I never could understand you, Alice."

"And you were a puzzle to me," she returned.

"Jove! Fancy that!" he ejaculated wonderingly.

"And you were afraid to ask me," she went on, with her eyes still on the note of interrogation she had got into her own hands, at last; "and so you wrote this: and will I read it, and tell you if you've a chance when you call this afternoon? O, my poor Durham, what did you think of me just now?"

If Barker had entered again just then, he might have been an even more unwelcome intruder than on the first occasion.

"And the answer, darling?" Durham whispered, presently. And then—Well, then Captain Vandeleur's dream came true; for Lady Alice said "Yes."

And there was an end of the mutual puzzle.

The Chemistry of Autumnal Tints.

The striking change in the hues of the foliage of plants and trees during the autumn months, can hardly fail to excite the wonder and curiosity of the most indifferent observer. Through what agency is this change effected? We know that up to a certain period of the year, when the vital sap flows freely and the life-principle in vegetable growths is active, the prevailing hue of the leaves is of a dazzling green, and that this peculiar color is due to a chemical principle common to all plants, called chlorophyl. This substance in many respects resembles wax, and is contained in the deep cells or *mesophyllum* of the leaves. It may be readily isolated or extracted from its receptacles, and subjected to chemical examination. Alcohol dissolves it readily, and from its solution it may be deposited in granular form. It consists of two separate principles, one of which forms a red compound with acids, and the other yellow with alkalies. The blending of these two coloring agents under the modifying influence of vital action, produces the reflection of the green rays of light; and thus our fields and forests are clothed during the summer months in "living green." Light is the mysterious agent which elaborates the chlorophyl; and while it continues to exert its full influence the green hue is sustained, and not until it decreases, upon the approach of autumn, do different tints appear.

Frost is not necessarily the agent which changes the verdure of the fields. Frost may prematurely arrest the vital forces in plants, and so modify the action of light as to prevent the elaboration of chlorophyl. If no frosts came, however, the natural decrease in the amount of solar light at the close of summer, and the exhaustion of plants consequent upon the maturation of the life-principle, or seeds, would cause the chemical changes which produce the varied and beautiful hues of autumn. The tints are indeed much more beautiful if they come in the natural way, without the intervention of frost. The change takes place both in the evergreen and deciduous leaves, but is most marked and striking in the latter. In the clear electrical atmosphere of the Northern states, the display is most gorgeous and pleasing; in no country in the world is it more so. Artists of established reputation have recently hardly ventured to put upon canvas the marvellous rainbow hues of our fields and forests, as seen in the glorious month of October, and submit the result of their labors to English or French criticism. The grossest exaggerations have been charged upon such paintings by those who have never witnessed the magnificence of the display. Indeed, we ourselves could hardly admit the faithfulness of the coloring without being witnesses of its truthfulness.—*Boston Jour. Com.*

Love and Reason.

It is not an uncommon thing in this age that many people are governed by love alone in matters of conjugal address; while many others are influenced by reason. Undoubtedly both love and reason ought to have a joint interest—a mutual share in this important transaction; for these are the fair handmaids which accompany the few who are so fortunate as to be numbered among the wise of the earth. The great mass of people who have already entered, and others who may enter, into the state of matrimony, have to jog along the same ordinary thoroughfare to one common market; therefore it is meet that such should occasionally have presented before their minds the comparative value of these different partners, so they need not traverse this uncertain road with but a single guide.

Love looks only to the most immediate, centre objects of his solicitude. He is an amorous, near-sighted fellow, any way, and sometimes is pretty treacherous. Love oftimes cannot distinctly discover, objects two inches from his nose; and yet he will depend altogether upon his vision, and think he possesses a most wonderful penetration. Most frequently he is not able to discern any defects, and consequently concludes there are none.

Faults, errors, and shortcomings all lie beyond his ken; you may as well try to convince him of his non-existence as to cause him to believe that suits in matrimony are like law-suits, or that wedlock ever has troubles in its composition. This is the natural consequence of his blindness. He is reckless in his character; and although, pure in his intentions, yet he would, in his wild career (without the aid of reason,) sink his victim in the vortex of misery and the gulf of desperation.

Now couple love with reason. See how different. "Reason is to love what a pair of spectacles is to a near-sighted man"—so goes an old maxim, and a correct comparison it is. It enables the little fellow to look beyond the fair face, the sunny ringlets, the brilliant eye, the graceful form and features of his adored—beyond the festivities of wedding and the beauties of the imagination—to the domestic fireside, to the kitchen comforts, to pudding, and the cash account.

That's what reason conjoined with love will do! It assists in the ways and means of living, in providing for the family, as well as in the very simple and easily-acquired business of loving.

"Marry the lass that has the cow," was the language of the wise matron who was urging her son between the choice of two young ladies, one of whom had a cow and the other a looking-glass. The idea that should be inferred by this trite saying is, that she whose economy obtains property by her prudence and industry, will be best able to manage the domestic affairs of a family. As a general thing, such young women unite and possess goodness of disposition, evenness of temper, and a strong attachment to domestic simplicity.

But of the many evils of the present day, one of the greatest is, marrying for money *only*. Do not, young man, marry alone for money. There is neither love nor reason in that. Avarice cannot succeed in acquiring riches in this way without receiving due punishment for its folly. Happiness cannot be bought with gold; and every person must be poor indeed in the absence of a small share of this indispensable requisite of the mind—happiness.

Money, of course, is no objection as a secondary consideration, and where true love is the prime and strongest object in marrying. In marriages, however, where the parties are equal in point of fortune and character, there is little to apprehend, as happiness generally attends such marriages through the journey of life; but commonly speaking, the poor and industrious classes are the most contented and happy.

In your selection of a companion for life, consult your better judgent, and let love and reason be blended together.

German Drinking and Smoking.

We recently gave an interesting account by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, relative to the Beer Drinking and the Smoking of the Germans—confessedly about the most healthy people in Europe.

The following later remarks by Dr. Stevens, should be considered in this connection:—

I have given some reasons why the German habits of excessive beer-drinking and smoking are no examples for America, and shown that both their physique and climate give them an impunity which we could not expect. It should be added that both their drinks and their tobacco are less injurious than ours. Howitt, who has written much about them, and lived some time among them here at Heidelburg, says: "We are not to suppose that their beer is anything like the XXX London malt liquors, or their wine like sherry or port—three-fourths brandy. No; they who know German wine know that it is a very gentle and innocent, rather acidulous, and rather cooling fluid, and that their beer is far more mighty of the hop than of the malt. It is a well-bittered and amiable table-beer, which even Father Matthew might take as a healthy stomachic, and which one might rather expect, in Sam Weller's phrase, to make its 'swallowers swell wisibly before our wery eyes,' than grow riotous under its influence." By this fact alone can you account for the slight effect of their extravagant potations. Their usual glasses hold at least a pint (a shoppen,) and a German would consider it next to ridiculous to drink but one of these glasses. Two are generally the minimum; five are only a tolerably generous indulgence; from ten to twenty make heroic but not uncommon drinking. In some of the most popular resorts the glasses have a somewhat heroic capacity, and Luther's example is cited as their vindication.

Luther is still the greatest of all men to genuine Teutons, and his beer-glasses are famous relics in the libraries and museums of the country. His friends made him frequent presents of them, and after his death they were sought for as precious mementoes and most genuine symbols of the national taste for the hop. In the great Wolfenbuttel library, the librarian showed me one of them with an air of lofty national pride. It could certainly hold more than a quart. "What a fearful capacity of stomach the old hero must have had!" I exclaimed. "Yes," replied the librarian, "Luther could drink well, but he was no drunkard. The Germans are not drunkards." And his emphasis seemed to imply, without saying, "like the English or you Americans." The Germans love Luther more, I think, for his broad humanity, not to say liberalism, than for his genuine and deep piety.

A similar qualification may be given of the home-raised tobacco, the only kind used by the Germans generally, for the imported article, especially the "Havana," is inconsistent with German ideas of frugality. The native tobacco is an almost powerless weed, of no attractive flavor, and heartily contemned by American travellers. "Chewing" is universally "eschewed" as a swinish habit. The German, in fact, smokes more, apparently, for the sake of "puffing" than for any narcotic effect of the habit; he is in his glory when in a halo of vapor; the peasant rejoices in it, as the Gelehrte or philosopher does in the fogs of his learned speculations. And in great ecclesiastical assemblies for business, synods, etc., you sometimes see huge heaps of tobacco and pipes on the desk, provided for the members, and the solemn deliberations go on in an ever-thickening mist of smoke.

Sea Sickness.

Dr. Fordyce Barker read before the New York Medical Association, an interesting paper on sea-sickness, in which were presented some novel views. He said that there were several popular errors in regard to the malady current with the profession, as well as with laymen. The first of these was, "that sea-sickness is often beneficial, and never permanently injurious." Dr. Barker believed, on the contrary, that the improvement in health from a voyage was, as a general rule, proportioned to the freedom from sea-sickness. He had in many instances known serious and permanent injury to result from sea-sickness. A second error is, "that sea-sickness is never dangerous to life." He suspected the number of deaths from this cause is greater than is generally supposed. Three had occurred within his personal knowledge, from exhaustion or starvation, and three others had been reported to him by the late Dr. Pratt. A third fallacy was, that the medical art can neither mitigate, relieve, or cure the dreadful malady—for dreadful it is to those who suffer severely from it. Although there are no specific drugs to cure or even prevent sea-sickness, yet every physician should be able to give advice which would diminish the tendency to the disease and mitigate its consequences. These are Dr. Barker's recommendations:

Those liable to be sick should make a hearty meal, not more than two or three hours before going on board. They should select a spot as near as possible to the centre of the vessel, and lie down before she gets under weigh. The horizontal position should be kept rigidly during the whole passage. The person should be well covered, not only to protect from cold, but to shield from disagreeable sounds, sights and smells. A stateroom should be selected as near as possible to the centre of the ship, but not near the furnaces. In going to Europe it is better to be on the starboard, and, in returning, on the larboard, which will be the sunny side. The following suggestions for the prevention of sea-sickness had proven efficacious:

1st. Have every preparation made at least twenty-four hours before starting, so that the system may not be exhausted by overwork and want of sleep. This direction is particularly important for ladies.

2d. Eat as hearty a meal as possible before going on board.

3d. Go on board sufficiently early to arrange such things as may be wanted for the first day or two, so that they may be easy of access; then undress and go to bed before the vessel gets under weigh. The neglect of this rule by those who are liable to sea-sickness is sure to be regretted.

4th. Eat regularly and heartily, but without raising the head, for at least one or two days. In this way the habit of digestion is kept up, the strength is preserved, while the system becomes accustomed to the constant change of equilibrium.

5th. On the first night out, take some mild, laxative pills, as for example, two or three of the compound rhubarb pills. Most persons have a tendency to become constipated at sea, although diarrhœa occurs in a certain percentage. Constipation not only results from sea-sickness, but in turn aggravates it. The effervescing laxatives, like the Seidlitz, or the solution of the citrate of magnesia, taken in the morning on an empty stomach, are bad in sea-sickness.

6th. After having become so far habituated to the sea as to be able to take your meals at the table and to go on deck, never think of rising in the morning till you have eaten something as a plate of oatmeal porridge, or a cup of coffee or tea, with sea-biscuit or toast.

7th. If subsequently during the voyage the sea should become unusually rough, go to bed before getting sick. It is foolish to dare anything when there is no glory to be won, and *something* may be lost.

ANOTHER LOCOMOTIVE FOR PASSENGER RAILWAYS.—We see it announced that a firm in Philadelphia have invented a new locomotive for city railways, which, it is said, will do away with the objections hitherto made to steam-power for this purpose. A car, fixed with this new arrangement, has no boiler or fire, only a *steam-holder*, which is filled from a stationary reservoir at the depot. It is stated also, that on a trial recently, to have run for the space of forty-five minutes, at the rate of six miles an hour, made one hundred and twenty-five stoppages, and was managed with all the ease of horses. There is no noise other than the ordinary rumbling, and it is thought it can be successfully adapted to the purpose intended. The steam is kept from condensing by heavy wrappings.

☞ What is the first historical mention of a horse-meat banquet? When Cæsar's ghost said to Brutus, "We shall meet again at filly-pie!"

☞ The Bangor Whig tells a remarkable story of a man down at Tennant's Harbor, who, being out in his dory, fell overboard, and, not being able to swim, conceived the idea of striking bottom and "footing it" ashore. Accordingly, shutting his eyes and teeth firmly together, he struck out for the shore, until, believing he must be near land, he opened his eyes and found himself in the middle of a corn-field.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been less active. About 8500 bbls sold at $5,50@6,50 for superfine; $6@7 for extra; $7,25@8,25 for common to choice Northwest extra family; $8@10 for Penna extra family; $9@10,75 for Ohio extra family, and $11@13,25 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—350 bbls sold at $7,25@7,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light. About 30,000 bus of red sold at $2,05@2,10 for prime Penna, Western and Southern, and $1,75@1,90 for common; 3000 bus of spring at $1,60@1,70; 20,000 bus of amber at $2,15@2,20, the latter rate for choice Southern, and 5000 bus of white at $2,30@2,40 ₱ bus. Rye—2000 bus sold at $1,55@1,57 for Penna and Western. Corn—About 25,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,20@1,23; 28,000 bus of prime old yellow at $1,20@1,25, and 6000 bus of new yellow at $1@1,05. Oats—50,000 bus sold at 68@71c for heavy Penna and Western, and 50@65c ₱ bus for light Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $27@28. Mess Beef sells at $22@23 for city packed. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@18c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17½@18c; Shoulders at 12@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 15@16c; and Shoulders at 11½@11c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 16½@16¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@30c, and prime Western and Pennsylvania at 35@45c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17½@18c. Eggs sell at 42@43c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 1100 bales of Middlings sold at 24@25¼ for Uplands, and 25@26c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit; sales of 25,000 lbs Apples at 4¾@9c, Peaches at 14@15½c for halves, 9@10½c for quarters, and 25@26c ₱ lb for pared.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is no material change to notice. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $42@48, and No 2 at $38@40. Scotch Pig is quiet at $48 ₱ ton, and Forge at $33@35,50 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $67,50 ₱ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in fair demand; 900 bus sold at $7@7,50, according to quality. Timothy: we quote at $3,00@3,75. Flaxseed is selling at $2,55@2,60 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 8¾@9 cts ₱ lb. 900 Cows brought from $40 to 55 ₱ head. Sheep—20,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ lb. 5500 Hogs sold at from $11,00 to 12,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

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A NEW PRICE LIST

Is issued this month, November, 1868, by the

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And will be sent, post-paid, to every applicant; containing announcements of

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Reduced Prices.

Four Octave Organ, Solid Walnut Case, $50.00.
Five Octave Double Reed Organ, five Stops, Solid Walnut Case, Carved and Paneled, $125.00.

Other styles at proportionate prices. Warerooms, 154 Tremont Street, Boston; 596 Broadway, New York. nov28 2t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT JOSEPH R. WELLS, of the city of Millville, in the county of Cumberland and State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscriber of his estate for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims, under oath or affirmation, within the term of three months. Dated Nov. 9th, 1868. PETER G. LUDLAM. nov28-3t

20,000 SOLD. THE MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER AND COMPASS, in a handsome case, with glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable, warranted to denote correct time, and keep in order two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent, post-paid, for $1, or 3 for $2. Agents Wanted. Circulars free. WALTER HOLT & CO., dec 5-4t 102 Nassau Street, New York city.

A NEW VOLUME OF MUSIC for the young folks, entitled THE GOLDEN ROBIN, containing:—I. Musical Notation. II. Rounds and Exercises adapted to physical action. III. Songs for all occasions. IV. Sacred pieces. By W. O. Perkins, author of "The Nightingale," "Sabbath-School Trumpet," &c. The whole forming a most attractive music book for juvenile classes, schools and seminaries, and one that cannot fail to be admired by all teachers and scholars. Price 50 cents. Sent, post-paid.

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POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, now open. For circulars address C. E. HILTON, A. M., Gwynedd, Montgomery Co., Pa., or apply personally at the College. oct3-2m

QUAE PROSUNT OMNIBUS.—*Something Valuable to all.*
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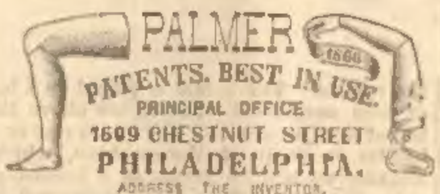

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sep26-nowly

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Grecian Bend.

I've got the Grecian Bend at my house, Mr. Editor. It was brought in late one afternoon from the milliner's shop in three bones. The boy who brought it wanted to know if I would pay for it now or should he call in the morning. (That boy's mother, whoever she may be, should teach her son discretion. If she doesn't he'll be carried home to her some fine morning with his toes turned up, as a melancholy warning to all boys not to be over zealous in their profession.) As my wife wasn't expected home for some time, I thought I'd examine her purchases. It was the most extraordinary conglomeration of articles I ever set eyes on. There were some pieces of horse hair, five or six pound of cotton batting, a lot of corset-strings, three or four bunches of steel wire, and enough whalebone to construct the frame of the great sea-serpent. It looked like the wreck of half-a-dozen hoop-skirts and twice as many chignons. I cogitated over it long and anxiously, but I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion with regard to it. At first I fancied my wife proposed going into the upholstery business, as some of our sofas and chairs are the worse for wear. Then I thought Mrs. K. K. and her family had been struck by lightning, and these were the melancholy remains brought home to the bereaved husband and father. I rejected both propositions, however, as I never allow myself to be too sanguine over anything. I tried it on the hall stove to see if it would make it draw, but it didn't. Then I put it in the front garden with a sign attached to it, "Beware of Man traps," but a crowd collected and obliged me to take it down, as they fancied it was an infernal machine to blow up the neighborhood. My wife, however, soon solved the question. It was the great Grecian Bend, the successor of hoop-skirts, crinoline and bustles—the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. This was about a week ago, and now I have it in good going order all over the house. My wife has it, her daughters have it, the cook has got it, and even the cat gets her back up with it occasionally. It is the infernalest contrivance I ever saw. It wont fit into anything. It's neither high church nor low church. The sofa is too short for it and the chairs are too straight, and the hall is too narrow for it. It can't sit down nor stand up—it can't do anything but Bend. It can't un-Bend either. It goes all over the house knocking down tea cups and books, and stools and tables, and playing the mischief generally. If it comes in from the front door it is obliged to go straight through the hall into the back garden before it can turn round. Sometimes it gets stuck in the stairway, and intercepts all communication between the upper and lower regions. Not to mention money, it has cost me more time and trouble than anything I ever experienced. It's worse than measles, small-pox and cholera combined. As I said before, its the infernallest contrivance I ever saw. You can't eat it, you can't drink it, you can't do anything but swear at it. I don't know how it got into my family. They say it is hereditary, and that my wife's mother was troubled with it. She was, it is true, but I have my own private reasons for believing that she acquired it over the wash-tub, at three-and-sixpence per dozen, and I don't think any of the present generation of Kobbs are in danger of catching it in that way. This is *entre nous*, however. We are in society now, and there is a well-grounded belief among our acquaintances that my respected mother-in-law's ancestors came over with William the Conqueror.

I have tried many ways to irradicate this disease from my household, but to no purpose. I have administered pain-killer, worm candy, soothing syrup, castor oil, pulmonic wafers, pain paint, and a lot of other medicines, but in vain. If you could suggest anything, Mr. Editor, that would help me in my troubles I would take it as a great favor.—*Korn Kobb, Jun.*

Poor Boy.

A good story is told in Paris of a son of M. Bixion. This eminent man was for a short time incarcerated in the fortress of Vincennes after the *coup d'etat*. His wife, accompanied by one of her sons, went to see him. They dined together in his chamber. The son was extremely sad and taciturn during the dinner and at last attracted his father's attention.

"Why, my dear boy, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, father," replied the lad of eleven.

"Nonsense; I see something *is* the matter with you. Come, tell me what it is."

The boy blubbered: "Why, pa, I am so disappointed. I made sure of seeing you in a dungeon, chained to the wall, and you ain't."

The Spare Bed.

One night, a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three. "I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at ——," said the officer." "I have sat as judge twenty years, in B——," said the judge. "With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the pulpit twenty-five years, at M——," said the minister. "That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; while this old fellow has been standing up for the last twenty-five years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

A Thoughtful Wife.

A friend says he has a dear, loving little wife, and an excellent housekeeper. On her birthday she moved her low rocking-chair close to his side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly towards his coat collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature! an angel! She moved her hand up and down his coat-sleeve. "Husband," said she. "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking—" "Were you, my love?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag carpet." He says he felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

☞ John William has a mania for sitting on his front stoop. John William has a little girl, and this little girl is fond of jokes, and this little girl said to him—she was eating horse-radish, which made her *smart*—"Pop, if you sit on the stoop so much, I'll have a *step*-father, won't I?"

The Latest Parisian Whim:

VELOCIPEDES.

Mercurial Paris must have an excitement of some kind for its million and three-quarters of loquacious tongues to talk about, and as revolutions and political demonstrations generally are not "la mode" under a paternal government, it has constantly to content itself with, and make the most of, a very small nine days' wonder.

The velocipedists have stolen a march on the coming flying man, for while he is busy adjusting the wings with which he intends to navigate the clouds, they have attached wheels to their legs, enabling them to skim the earth with the speed of a fast-trotting horse. The velocipede is a ninety years' old invention. At the present moment they are a mania with all classes, and count among their more fervent partisans, princes, dukes, and other titled personages, several high functionaries, and even one staid member of the French Academy. Every alternate Sunday or so velocipede races have taken place in the environs of Paris—at St. Cloud, Vincennes, Enghien, Pantin, and elsewhere. Mounted, too, upon these flying horses, amateurs dash along the crowded thoroughfares of the capital, while adepts at the risk of their lives drive their velocipedes of two wheels—one directly in front of the other—along the narrow stone parapet at the side of the Seine, and down the hundred and one steps of the Trocadero; rising up in their seats, lying down on their backs, letting go the handle of the vehicle, and throwing both legs over it while performing these daring feats. Government *employees* living in the suburbs ride to their offices every morning on the new iron horse, a hint to dwellers on certain suburban lines of railway on the other side of the Channel. You may see them on their return journey at night, steering in between the throng of carriages with lighted lanterns swinging in front of them, and with other velocipedes sent out by enterprising tradesmen displaying illuminated advertisements before and aft. The compositors of "Galignani's Messenger" and other newspapers are said to go to and return from work on velocipedes; and several of the collecting clerks of the Bank of France have begun to use them. Prices of velocipedes, including what Moses of the Minories would style directions for self-measurement, are advertised, and announcements of lessons on the art of managing them may be met with in almost every journal, and posted up in all quarters of Paris. The public schools, too, are to have professors to lecture on the new method of locomotion, and to teach the youth of France how to manage the willing steed. Meanwhile the Prince Imperial has been furnished with a "velocipede de luxe" mounted in rosewood and aluminium bronze.

Paris is in a perfect state of frenzy with respect to its new toy. The newspapers call upon the government to order a supply of velocipedes to save the overworked legs of the rural postmen and of the messengers attached to the provincial telegraph bureaux; and even advise a limited number of these vehicles being furnished to infantry regiments, to enable outposts to reconnoitre and to communicate rapidly with the main body of the army. Some, carried away by their enthusiasm, ask why a species of light cavalry, mounted on velocipedes, should not be instituted. It is suggested, too, that lifeboat crews on thinly-populated coasts should be provided with velocipedes, by means of which a more rapid assembling of them in time of need might be effected; and, moreover, that gardes champetres, and country doctors and cures who cannot afford the expense of a horse, should travel about on the new vehicles, which, by the way, have already penetrated to the provinces, for sea-side loungers, mounted on them, were to be seen at all the Norman and Breton watering-places, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, coursing along the coast. Eccentric sportsmen, too, chase their game with velocipedes; artists use them to go sketching-tours, and photographers employ them on distant expeditions.

The velocipedes about which the Parisians have run mad at the present moment are of various kinds. Some have two, and others three and even four wheels; all have either pedals or reels on which to place the feet, and usually either breaks or levers to regulate the speed. The two-wheel velocipedes, the bicycles as they are styled, are intended for the male sex only, and are by far the swiftest machines. They are usually of wrought iron, and have pedals or reels attached to the front and larger wheel, and the working of which, by a light movement of the feet, gives the requisite impulsion to the vehicle. The saddle is poised on a bar of iron suspended a few inches above the top of the fore-wheel. The hands rest on a handle in front of the machine, which, working on a pivot, serves as a balancing-pole, the equilibrium being preserved by giving a slight twist to this handle. The break, which at once stops the revolving motion of the wheel, is applied by means of a sharper twist. Here are the rules which one of the most skillful amateurs has drawn up for the guidance of beginners:

"Run beside your iron horse, leading it, as it were, with your hand, so as to familiarize yourself with its movements; this will be an affair of a few minutes merely. Then commence practicing with it on a slope, and after mounting it, let it move forward of its own accord, while you occupy yourself with studying the effects produced by the inclination which you give to the balancing-pole or handle of the machine. When you thoroughly understand the action of this, place one foot on the pedal and follow its movements without assisting them. The difficulty with beginners is to restrain the unnecessary expenditure of muscular force; they ordinarily perform ten times the labor that is requisite. Next repeat the experiment on level ground, having both feet on the pedals, and working them alternately with scrupulous regularity. Speed is obtained by simply accelerating this movement.

"After an hour or two's practice the tyro will be able to accomplish a distance of from thirty to forty yards without running the risk of an upset. Should the machine incline on one side, all that is necessary to be done is to remove the foot on the same side from the pedal and place it on the ground. This can of course only be accomplished when the velocipede is of a moderate height, which, by the way, is the proper kind of machine for beginners to make their first essays with.

"To alight, both feet are raised from the pedals at the same instant, which has the effect of slackening the speed of the machine; the feet are then placed simultaneously on the ground without the handle being let go."

The tricycle, or three-wheel velocipede, is easier to guide and safer to use than the bicycle; its speed is however less rapid, still it can be made to pass a carriage going at full trot. As the fair sex largely patronize this vehicle, the seat is more commodious than that of the bicycle, having sides and back of wicker, and a horsehair cushion to sit upon. The hind wheels, though large, are light, and revolve with facility; the fore-wheel, which is smaller, serves to guide the machine, being acted on by means of the handle, which causes it instantly to turn in the direction indicated by the rider. The pedals are shaped like slippers, which facilitates the movements of the legs, and at the same time admits of the foot being disengaged instantaneously. The movement required to impel the machine is a perfectly natural one, analogous, in fact, to that of walking, that is to say, without the slightest pressure of the foot, and certainly without producing any unusual fatigue, for the motion of the leg developes itself, as it were, until the limb becomes fully extended, entirely without effort. In addition to all these advantages, the larger three-wheel velocipedes have a lever which follows the line of the eccentrics attached to the pedals and fits on to the axles. By assisting the movements of this lever, the speed of the vehicle is considerably increased, and a simple pressure against it checks the rotary movement of the wheel and stops the progress of the machine. This lever is, in fact, both a means of impulsion and a break.

Ordinary two-wheel velocipedes range in price from two hundred up to four hundred francs, according to the completeness of their fittings. Velocipedes de luxe mount up almost to any sum. Three-wheel machines are priced at from one hundred and sixty to two hundred and fifty francs, while smaller sizes for children can be purchased for fifty francs. The somewhat numerous etceteras comprise the requisite instruments in the event of the machine getting out of order on a journey, with a lantern, a grease box, india-rubber cushions for the iron bar in front of the machine on which the legs are generally allowed to rest when not in action, and an indicator to mark the distance travelled.

The speed attained by the swifter kind of velocipedes averages from twelve to thirteen miles an hour; adepts find no difficulty whatever in accomplishing fully fifty miles within five hours without once alighting from their vehicles. A couple of amateurs making a tour through a part of France challenged each other as to which could perform the greatest distance within four-and-twenty hours. One gave in after having accomplished eighty-seven miles; the other went on an additional six and thirty miles, making one hundred and twenty-three miles in all. On the 21st of last September a party of nine quitted Rouen early in the morning mounted upon velocipedes, and arrived in Paris in time for dinner the same evening, having performed the distance of eighty-five miles, exclusive of stoppages, at a rate of speed averaging between ten and eleven miles an hour. It should be understood, that in impelling a velocipede, the limbs are not constantly in motion, as on level ground when the impetus is at the average rate, or when the machine is descending an incline, the feet may be removed from the pedals, and the legs be placed on the bar fixed in front of the velocipede for this purpose. A slight impulsion given to the vehicle from time to time suffices to keep up the speed. The ascent of any incline greater than 1 in 25 is said to be impracticable. When the rider, therefore, encounters a hill of more than average steepness, he has to dismount and lead his velocipede with his hand, which we are told he can do with almost the same ease as he can carry an ordinary walking-stick.

The latest novelty in the velocipede line is the podoscaphe or velocipede-marin, as it is called, formed of a couple of canoes covered with canvas and joined together by two iron bars, between which is a paddle-wheel put in motion by means of two pedals placed at the extremity of the arc. These machines may be constantly seen in action on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne and on the lake at Enghien, and even on the Seine itself opposite the Tuileries. The inventor is sanguine that these machines will eventually attain the same rate of speed as the land velocipede already accomplishes. Quite recently an enterprising amateur offered to wager 10,000 francs that he would cross the channel between Boulogne and Folkestone on a velocipede-marin within the limit of three hours—wind and weather, we presume, permitting. H. V.

☞ First and Later Love.—How is it that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love—so few about our later love? Are their first poems their best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deeper-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.—*Author of "Adam Bede."*

☞ A boy was sent by his mother to saw some stovewood out of railroad ties. Going out doors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the saw-horse with head down. The mother asked her hopeful son why he didn't keep at his work? The boy replied thus: "My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard, to sever old ties."

☞ Women, of course, have longer and finer hair than men—but men destroy their hair by making ovens of their heads under their hats, and thus heat the top of their craniums until the hair dies out for very want of air. Men should either take off their hats oftener or ventilate them better.

☞ South Americans say that it is the first shock of an earthquake that does the damage. Although there may be many succeeding shocks, they are counted as the mere dying out of subterranean forces.

RECEIPTS.

Brown Gravy Soup.—Shred a small plate of onions, put some dripping into a frying-pan and fry the onions till they are of a dark brown; then, having about three pounds of beef cut up in dice, without fat or bone, brown that in a frying-pan. Now get a sauce-pan to contain about a gallon, and put in the onions and meat, with a carrot and a turnip cut small, and a little celery, if you have it, if not, add two seeds of celery; put three quarts, or three and a half quarts of water to this, and stir all together with a little pepper and salt; simmer very slowly, and skim off what rises; in three or four hours the soup will be clear. When served, add a little vermicelli, which should have previously been boiled in water; the liquid should be carefully poured off through a sieve. A large quantity may be made in the same proportions. Of course, the meat and onions must be stirred whilst frying, and constantly turned; they should be of a fine brown, not black; and celery-seed will give a flavor, it is so strong.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 12, 11, 7, 9, 5, is a race of people.
My 11, 7, 7, 1, 5, 7, is a pleasant drink.
My 10, 5, 7, is an animal.
My 7, 11, 5, 9, 7, 9, 8, is one of the southern states.
My 3, 2, 3, 4, 11, is a book.
My 4, 11, 8, 10, is a mineral.
My 3, 11, 10, is an article of furniture.
My 4, 5, 12, 10, 5, 1, is a city in England.
My 8, 7, 1, 11, 6, is a lady's name.
My 3, 11, 8, 9, 6, 5, 2, 4, is used on the hair.
My whole is a well known theatre in the United States. A. L. ROCKY.

Geographical Rebus.

A mountain of Prussia.
A river of England.
A town of Syria.
A city of Spain.
A salt lake of Russia.
A town of Bavaria.
A group of islands in the Mediterranean sea.
A river of Tuscany.
A river of Texas.
A river of Germany.
A city of China.
A mountain of England.
A town of Switzerland.
A town of Palestine.
A city of Italy.
A town of Ireland.
One of the Fejee Islands.
A lake of Ireland.
A river of Spain.
My initials form a proverb. ALEXIA.
Castle Dangerous, Arcadia.

Mathematical Problem.

John is the owner of an oblong square tract of land, containing 66 acres; the sum of the two shorter and one of the longer sides thereof being 293 perches. Who can tell me the true length and breadth of the said parallelogram? PERCIVAL JARRETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The sum of four numbers is 860; they are proportionate as 3, 4, 5, 6. What are they?
W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What kind of noses are most like vegetables? Ans.—Those that turn-up a little reddish.

☞ "Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "I dunno, but I gueth they dried themselves."

☞ An invoterate old bachelor says ships are called "she"—why? Because they always keep a man on the look-out.

☞ Who is the laziest man? Ans.—The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

☞ Why is praising children like opium? Ans.—Because it is lauding 'em (laudanum.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Comet. SCRIPTURE REBUS—"Increase our faith."—Luke xvii., 5.

I rijah,	Jer. xxxvii., 12.
N aaman,	2 Kings v. 18.
C helub's,	1 Chron. xxvii., 26.
R echabites,	Jer. xxxv., 6, 7.
E zion-geber,	1 Kings ix., 26.
A doni-zedec,	Josh. x., 3.
S hobach,	2 Sam. x., 18.
E liakim,	2 Kings xviii., 37.
O n,	Gen. xli., 45.
U rijah,	Jer. xxvi., 21.
R abbah,	2 Sam. xii., 30.
F elix,	Acts xviii., 28.
A masai,	1 Chron. xii., 18.
I shbi-benob,	2 Sam. xxi., 16.
T ob,	Judg. xi., 3.
H anani,	2 Chron. xvi., 10.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Sept. 26—90 miles—W. H. Morrow, S. S. Knox, J. Scott, J. S. Phebus.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—0.5865—A. Martin.

Answers to Delta's PROBLEM of same date—James 21 years and Joseph 16 years—D. Diefenbach. James 17 years and Joseph 16 years—J. Scott.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 3d—$800—A. Martin.

Answers to W. W. W.'s PROBLEM of same date—33,477,400 cu. ft.—W. T. Stonebraker. 35,577,400 sq. yards—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to H. Kobel's PROBLEM of same date—A 67, B 77 and C 83 years—D. Diefenbach, J. S. Phebus, Nellie Knox, W. T. Stonebraker, J. S. Reed and S. S. Knox.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 10—3 years at 5 per cent.—A. Martin, G. H. Wilcox, W. T. Stonebraker, A. Reid, H. McBride and J. Scott.

Answer to P. Jarrett's PROBLEM of same date—73 years the older and 28 years the younger—D. Diefenbach, J. Scott, A. Reid, W. T. Stonebraker, J. S. Phebus, G. H. Wilcox and S. S. Knox.

Fried Potatoes.—How few cooks know how to fry potatoes! There is nothing so easy to get, and yet so palatable for breakfast, with a thick, tender beefsteak or a mutton-chop fizzing from the gridiron. To fry raw potatoes properly, they should be pared, cut lengthwise into slices, an eighth of an inch in thickness, dropped into a pan over the fire containing hot beef drippings, turned frequently, nicely browned all over, but never burned. The addition of a little salt and pepper while in the pan, and a little flour dredged over them, is an improvement.

Stewed Celery.—Wash and clean six or eight heads of celery; let them be about three inches long; boil tender, and pour off all the water; beat the yolks of four eggs, and mix with half a pint of cream, mace, and salt; set it over the fire with the celery, and keep shaking until it thickens, then serve hot.

Plum-Cake.—Six eggs well beaten, one pound of sugar, the same of flour, butter, and currants, four ounces of candied-peel, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spice. When it is all mixed, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and one of tartaric acid. Beat it all up quickly and bake directly.

Stewed Beef.—Take five pounds of buttock, place it in a deep dish; half a pint of white wine-vinegar, three bay leaves, two or three cloves, salt and pepper; turn it over twice the first day, and every morning after for a week or ten days. Boil half a pound or a quarter of a pound of butter, and throw in two onions, chopped very small, four cloves, and some pepper corns; stew five hours till tender and a nice light brown.